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FIFTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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HAIL! AND FAREWELL

FOR BRYAN, in his third and what must prove his final defeat, the country can have only the kindest of feelings. In the trying campaign which ended last Tuesday, the Democratic presidential candidate exhibited at all times excellent taste, and in delicate situations which required the utmost tact and savoir-vivre, he was in no instance disappointing. Politically, he is crushed, but, personally, his stock never was higher. His closing speech at Lincoln, Nebraska, in response to his welcome home, after his arduous undertakings, was one of the finest, tenderest expressions of lofty feeling that ever emanated from the lips of a public man. While it made no votes it endeared him to many of the opposite faith, who are not too hide-bound to appreciate the beautiful character that shines forth in Mr. Bryan's face.

For his political vagaries we do not care; his free silver heresies and his bank deposit guarantee folly are indicative of his individual trend on financial and economic questions. They appear attractive to the unthinking, but they fail to stand the test of stern logic. He has brilliant ideas, but he is lamentably lacking in detail. Honest, clean, upright, altogether charming personally, but unstable, erratic, weak, impractical on the great economic questions of the day. It is because the people have learned to distrust his theories and fear to take chances with the business of the country in case his presidential aspirations were gratified that they have thrice said him nay. This weakness proved Taft's strength and offset, in a great measure, the darkling influences that otherwise would have encompassed the defeat of the Republican candidate through no fault of his own.

No one knows better than Mr. Bryan that he has made his farewell appearance as a quadrennial candidate. We sympathize with him in his hour of defeat, but bid him cheer up. All is not lost. He has by his vigorous ethical messages, quickened the conscience of the country and

taught his political opponents many much-needed lessons. He has helped to expose shams, to throw light on many vexed questions, to exalt politics. He has accomplished a great deal for his fellow-citizens, in the way of enhancing their welfare, and he is assured that for his services the republic is not ungrateful. Peace be with thee, William Jennings Bryan!

PROTEST OF THE WEST

THERE is only one fly in the political ointment that soothed the country last Tuesday. It is the return of "Foul-mouth" Joe Cannon to congress and his possible re-election to the speakership of the house, always to be regarded as a serious menace to good legislation. For the rest, the outcome is satisfactory if not all that could be desired. Taft's splendid victory is supplemented by the triumph of decency in New York state, through the endorsement of Governor Hughes' sterling administration, which insures the retention of those admirable policies he has instituted, whose establishment in the face of the bitter opposition of politicians of his own party has elicited the profound admiration of good citizens everywhere.

While, it is true, the big majorities credited to the Republican ticket four years ago are materially diminished—particularly in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas—Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey, strange to say, registered increased pluralities for Taft over the vote given Roosevelt in 1904. In view of the undoubted anxiety of the Republican managers regarding the popular verdict in New York, the fact that Taft greatly exceeded Roosevelt's total in the Empire state, and actually polled a larger vote than Bryan in the city itself, proves the absurdity of the fears known to have been entertained there.

But a study of the returns from the country-west of the Alleghanies surely should give the Republicans pause. In them is to be found a lesson that must be heeded if the party is to maintain itself in power after 1912. Eliminating from consideration the loss of from 150,000 to 200,000 votes in Pennsylvania and fully as many in Ohio, there is much food for serious reflection in noting the tremendous losses in Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, the Dakotas, Montana, Nevada and even here in California. In several of these western states there is a complete reversal of the verdict of 1904; in others the depreciation in pluralities ranges from 125,000, as in Illinois, Michigan and Iowa. Indiana, which gave Roosevelt 93,944 in 1904, has elected a Democratic governor and given Taft a majority so small that it almost wipes out the Republican surplus. Nebraska, which gave Roosevelt a plurality of 8,682 declares for Democracy this year and Kansas markedly reduces her plurality of four years ago.

What does it mean? It means that the west is tired of paying tribute to the east in the form of excessive tariffs on the necessities of life and is in revolt. Only the solemn promises made by Mr. Taft that honest revision would follow, without delay, in the event of his election, saved the party from utter and overwhelming defeat. That is the handwriting on the wall. It is the Mene Mene, Tekel, Upharsin of Belshazzar's feast, which tells the party leaders they have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. No half-way measures will be acceptable to these long-suffering and much mulcted voters of the middle west and west. Unless a revision downward is made, wiping out the unnecessary duties that are no longer needed as a measure of protection, the congressional elections two years hence will further emphasize the disapproval of the people, so sharply enunciated Tuesday.

Although by a reduction of at least thirty,

from the fifty-seven working majority of last congress, the Republicans remain in control of the house. But the result, as demonstrated in the popular vote, fully justifies the predictions made by The Graphic that the protest of the disaffected Republicans would impair the prestige of the party materially in the lower legislative house.

Of great significance is the defeat of Congressman Hepburn of the Eighth Iowa district, who as chairman of the Republican caucus in the house for six years, is largely responsible for the Cannon desecration of that body. Mr. Hepburn is at the head of the interstate commerce committee. He is a hopeless standpatter.

Should the leaders persist in forcing Cannon upon the house, as speaker, it will serve further to arouse the irascibility of the people. We hope the wiseheads in control will see to it that no such suicidal course is followed. The country, evidently, is in no mood for such folly.

TREACHERY BREWING IN OREGON

UP IN the sister state of Oregon, under the direct primary election law, a candidate for office may get his name on his party's ballot by petition. Last June at the general state election candidates for the legislature went before the electors in this way and to prove their willingness to carry out the wishes of the people those who were successful at the polls, after stating their political principles, invited victory by subscribing to what is known as statement number one, which reads:

I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that during the term of office I will always vote for that candidate for United States senator in congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a senator in congress without regard to any individual preference.

There is an alternative course by which the legislative candidate, if he deems it wise, may subscribe to statement number two, permitting him to consider the vote of the people for United States senator as only a recommendation which he is at liberty to disregard should he see fit. Or, he may abstain from making any pledge whatsoever; it is optional with the one seeking the suffrages of the people. Inasmuch as the first-named method of procedure was approved in Oregon by a vote of nearly four to one, 56,000 for and only 16,000 against, it is fair to assume that it represents the wishes of an overwhelming majority. This, evidently, is the way it looked to the astute winning candidates on the Republican ticket, who pledged themselves to abide by statement number one. At the June election the advocates of this mandatory clause approved the following legislative bill by a vote of 69,565 for, to 21,182 against:

"Be it enacted by the people of the state of Oregon:

Section 1—That we, the people of the state of Oregon, hereby instruct our representatives and senators in our legislative assembly, as such officers, to vote for and elect the candidates for United States senator from this state who receive the highest number of votes at our general elections."

At the primaries there were two prominent candidates on the Republican ticket: Senator Fulton, under indictment for land frauds, and Henry M. Cake. Largely due to the aggressive work of Francis J. Heney in prosecuting Fulton, the sitting senator was rejected, and Cake became the party nominee. He was opposed by George E. Chamberlain, the popular Democratic governor. His popularity was further attested at the general election, the people giving him the preference over Cake by about 1,800 plurality. At the same time the two Republican candidates for congress were elected.

Now comes the anomaly: The legislature, chosen by the people, is largely Republican, with

the forces pledged to statement number one having a small working majority. But the electorate which selected them repudiated Cake and named the Democratic candidate, Chamberlain, for United States senator, as the man it desired to succeed Fulton. At first, the politicians pretended to bow to this decision, but as the days draw nearer to the convening of the legislature, in January, it becomes more and more evident that a conspiracy is brewing to ignore the statement subscribed to by the Republican majority, whose object is the turning down of Chamberlain for a Republican, either Cake or Fulton.

In the furtherance of this dastardly effort to ignore the registered will of the people many and specious are the arguments now being advanced to excuse such contemplated action. One sample plea, noted by The Graphic, which is about as good as any of the others, is that a subscriber to statement number one, elected in a legislative district that failed to give a majority vote to the bill instructing representatives and senators to choose that candidate for United States senator receiving the highest number of votes at the general election, is not bound by his ante-election pledge. A complete refutation of this palpably insincere argument is found in the pledge itself, which binds the successful candidate "to the people of Oregon as well as to the people of my legislative district," the wording of which undoubtedly was drawn with a view to combat just such a situation as is now presented.

Clearly, those elected under this pledge must either abide by it, regardless of party affiliation, or stand foresworn and self-stultified. To reject the successful senatorial candidate named by the people of Oregon would be fully as monstrous a departure from political ethics as for the Republican presidential electors, chosen at the polls last Tuesday, to repudiate Taft and elect Bryan, when the electoral college is convened for the purpose of carrying out the dictates of the majority voters. Imagine the howls of indignation emitted by the Republican press and by those allied with that party if such a result were possible. Of course, it is unthinkable, but wherein does the principle, or lack of it, differ in one jot or tittle from the situation in Oregon? This parallel is further accentuated by the fact that the same decisive vote which declared for Taft also gave approval to a Democratic majority in the lower house of congress. Here is the Oregon anomaly all over again, only with the political ends reversed.

Truth is, the rank-and-file Republicans of the Webfoot state have lost faith in their leaders, and with good reason. They have tested Chamberlain and they like him; he is so much better than the senatorial material offered them in their own party, which in the past had been giving its allegiance to such discredited politicians as Mitchell, Fulton and Hermann, all tarred with the same land-fraud stick. As for the urgent necessity of electing a Republican senator to sit with those precious specimens, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Foraker of Ohio, Hopkins of Illinois, and Aldrich of Rhode Island, the latter special protector of the trusts, we fail to see wherein a tainted Republican senator, compelled to kowtow to the dictates of Aldrich et al, can accomplish any more for the common people than a clean man like Chamberlain of the opposite faith.

There is a heap of buncombe these days in the party loyalty plea. Look at Perkins in this state and consider who it is that names him and why. The sooner we break away from present methods of choosing our United States senators the better. Oregon's way may not be ideal, but at least, the people have their say in that state. Let the legislators-elect, now contemplating treachery, attempt to disprove this, if they dare! Penitentiary walls cannot open too quickly to receive the rascals who essay so despicable a course. Unfortunately, there is no penalty imposed, either imprisonment or fine, for a legislator abrogating his contract with the people. Honor alone stands between him and possible perfidy.

THEATRICAL NUISANCE CURTAILED

OF LATE a radical departure is to be noted in the policy of New York theatrical managers in regard to "first nighters." For upward of ten years there has been a decided sameness in the

character of first-night audiences at the leading theaters. Always, the same faces, the same set of self-appointed critics, the same obsequious elements, ready to give their instant approval to an actor, actress or a show, no matter how unworthy, and all for the privilege of being retained on the managerial list of those who are allowed to occupy certain reserved seats by the payment, of course, of the stipulated fee.

Primarily, the object of the managers was to secure approval of a new drama, in the production of which much money had been expended. The "first-nighters," grateful for the privilege of being allowed to sit with other poseurs as judges of the drama—they are all judges in New York who have the theater habit—laughed and applauded and in other ways gave the play their indorsement, whether they liked it or not. Occasionally, this fictitious approval, all unconsciously would sway the honest opinion of a newspaper critic, who feared to trust his own judgment in the face of what appeared to be the overwhelming approbation of "the people." In like manner the back rows and the balcony were duly impressed and another great success was promptly heralded to usher in a long run.

But the system had its drawbacks and these, finally, have had the effect of abolishing the practice. One of the first-nighters, who had his patent of nobility taken from him has explained to the New York Sun why he was cut off the list. "The manager watched me," said this rebel, "because at the initial performance of 'Diana of Dobson's,' at twelve dollars for two seats, I failed to show proper appreciation. How in the world did he expect any man to look cheerful in such circumstances?" It is notorious that under the old custom, now about to be discontinued, the friends of an actor or actress, who were neither song publisher, bookmakers, stage dressmakers, wholesale ticket speculators, or other first-nighters in the habit of taking themselves seriously, could not reserve seats for the opening night, but had to wait until later in the week. Now, they may have the pleasure of standing in line and taking their chances with such of the old-time habits as are determined not to be cut out entirely.

But the true reason for this change of front is due to the fact that the old first-nighters have grown too blase, too hypercritical to be of use to the managers. To the contrary, from being obsequious they have become so supercilious that the ordinary play no longer moves them to approval, and instead of the glad hand, generously applied, cold disdain and frozen glances have been the rule, sending a chill over the audience at rear and above and affecting newspaper critics in a precisely opposite manner to that of the original subtle intention. So entrenched were these specially-privileged first-nighters that they had come to regard as their right what was but a mercenary courtesy on the part of the management. This created clique has gravitated into a Frankenstein and now the monster is slated for destruction. To the general public, in future, will be left the verdict of praising or damning plays on first-night performances.

CANADA'S PARALLEL CAMPAIGNS

WHILE this country has been in the throes of a presidential campaign, which reached its climax Tuesday, the Dominion of Canada has been undergoing a similar disturbing experience, from which, however, the big British colony emerged about two weeks ago, when party strife ended with the re-election of Sir Wilfred Laurier, as premier, and the continuation in power of the Liberals. Curiously enough, the Laurier party came into office at the time of Bryan's first defeat in 1896. Its twelve years of regnancy corresponds with the twelve years of supremacy maintained by the Republicans, whose candidate, William McKinley, succeeded Mr. Cleveland. Both in 1900 and in 1904 the Canadian Liberals were returned with increased majorities, which precedents were followed in the United States by the Republicans. The largely-decreased vote for Laurier, seen this year, again is reflected in the diminished majority for the Republican candidate for president. It is an interesting comparison.

To carry out the parallel still further, the campaign cry of the Liberals was "Let well enough

alone!" They pointed to the evidences of material prosperity of Canada, and for its growth in population and increased wealth claimed all the credit, just as the Republican party has done, whose slogan of "Prosperity only with Taft" is a reflex of the shibboleth used across the border. Unlike the Republicans, who have had the money panic to combat, the Canadian Liberals had no such handicap in their efforts to retain control, but they had the mistakes and extravagances of a twelve-year entrenched party to confront, not a point being overlooked by the Tories in their struggle to unseat the opposition. Briefly, the main accusations so skillfully used by the Tories were grafting in connection with government railroad contracts, charges of corruption in the alienation of public lands in the West, exposures of corrupt practices in elections, the collapse of the government's great steel railroad bridge over the St. Lawrence river near Quebec, a year ago, and the Laurier policy in regard to Japanese immigration.

But the premier, although greatly weakened by the accumulated mistakes, had a powerful lever in his plea for another term to complete the important governmental enterprises now under way. His party is behind the new transcontinental railroad, which is in process of construction, and is also sponsor for the Hudson's Bay railroad. In addition to its achievements in developing the West, credit also was successfully urged for the Liberal policy of stimulating immigration, the establishment of free rural postal delivery and the tariff preference in favor of England, together with a tariff for the protection of home industries. All these arguments overbalanced the fact that from being a champion of low taxation and economy Laurier's policies have resulted in the highest tax rates ever known in the Dominion, while expenditures were never greater than they are today. It is easy to understand why his party had so largely reduced a majority as compared with previous elections.

Contemplation of the Canadian campaign, and the arguments employed by the contending parties in their efforts to win over the voters, vividly recalls our own presidential struggle, with no great difference, after all, in the process of beguiling the electors. For Liberal read Republican and for Tory Democrat. All the charges and counter-charges so bitterly hurled back and forth in the Dominion contest easily might have emanated this side of the line. The Anglo-Saxon race is very much alike and the tactics of "ins" and "outs" are startlingly similar in a contest for political preferment.

FARM UPLIFT COMMISSION'S TASK

WE ARE in receipt of a circular letter from the President's country life commission or farm uplift commission, as it has been aptly named, asking specifically for answers to twelve questions propounded, and, in addition, for observations on country life conditions in general. The main purpose of the commission's work, it is explained, is to arrive at an understanding of conditions, and of public opinion, with regard to American country life, as a basis for a report and recommendation to the President; and to this end the commission invites the co-operation of every citizen.

As chairman of this investigating body is Professor L. H. Bailey, director of the college of agriculture at Cornell university, a man eminently fitted by disposition and training for the work. Associated with him are Walter H. Page, editor of World's Work, Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of Massachusetts Agricultural college, Gifford Pinchot, head of the United States forest service, and E. W. Allen, editor of the Experiment Station Review, in the government service. Mr. Allen is secretary of the commission. It is certainly a well-selected body of capable men.

Question number one asks if farm homes in the neighborhood of Los Angeles are as good as they should be under existing conditions. Certainly, in Southern California, and particularly in this county, the ranchers are prosperous and take great pride in their clean, comfortable homes. Another query asks if the schools throughout the county are training boys and girls satisfactorily

for life on the farm? With good grammar schools everywhere, and excellent union high schools in certain of the townships, comprising all the courses taught in the city schools, we should say, unhesitatingly, that ranchers' children are enabled to gain a fine equipment in the essentials of education. The one suggestion we could offer is that the country union high schools add a course in agriculture to the curriculum.

Do the farmers in this neighborhood get the returns they reasonably should from the sale of their products? They do. The sugar factories in one direction must pay good prices for beets or the ranchers will switch to beans, which prove a very profitable crop in dry years. To the east of us the citrus orchards, when scientifically operated, yield handsomely on the investment. To the south walnuts, celery and small produce give abundant returns to the growers.

Do the farmers hereabouts receive from the railroads, highroads and electric lines the service they reasonably should have? inquires question four. As to the railroads, we believe they do their best to supply cars in the crop moving seasons and the co-operative work of the ranchers, in the various associations, has materially aided in this respect. With the orange and lemon growers welded in compact associations, the walnut growers similarly united and the celery growers and raisers of other farm products massing their output, each branch being able to deal with the railroads as a unit, there is comparatively little complaint heard. That the highway improvement agitation is appreciated by the farmers in Los Angeles county, is proved by the voting of \$3,500,000 of bonds, to be expended in good roads building throughout the county, which cannot fail to benefit the farmers materially. Our interurban electric lines are the pride of Southern California; they have placed the rancher and his wife within easy access of the metropolis, and with the extension of the free rural postal delivery, and rural telephone service, the average farmer is deprived of few of the conveniences and luxuries of life enjoyed by the city man.

One question asks if the supply of farm labor in this neighborhood is satisfactory. It is uncertain. This year, owing to the tight times following the money panic, the unemployed flocked to the country so that the farmer was offered a plethora of labor. As a rule the rancher is forced to depend on Japanese help in the crop moving season, and on the big ranches contracts with Japanese labor agencies are entered into in advance of requirements. It is a problem that has become harder to solve since the Chinese exclusion act went into effect. With good food and plenty of it, clean quarters and excellent wages the average farm hand's lot is not an unhappy one out here.

Have the farmers satisfactory facilities for doing their business in banking, credit, insurance, is asked? No complaint on this score. In the country towns stable banks are established and the large deposits carried testify to the financial condition of the ranchers, who in many instances have money to lend. Insurance rates are reasonable. With the most satisfactory sanitary conditions, due to the open manner of living, the excellent facilities for mutual intercourse which make farmers' clubs and women's societies possible, there is no lack of entertainment and opportunity for mutual improvement. In short, farm life in Southern California is about as ideal a bucolic existence as is possible on this mundane sphere. All of which is respectfully referred to President Bailey of the farm uplift commission and his discriminating confreres.

GRAPHITES

In rejecting Mayor Johnson's plan for the establishing of three-cent fares in Cleveland the referendum vote is inconclusive, in a total of 80,000 polled the scheme being negated by only 605 majority. Moreover, the merits of the issue, as the New York World points out, were obscured by a strike which caused a heavy loss of receipts and left many of the traction employes dissatisfied. Then, too, the service was not up to expectations, and these influences combined to turn the scale against Mayor Johnson and in favor of a resumption of the five-cent fare regime. As a result,

the Municipal Traction company, operating under a lease from the Cleveland Railway company, retires from the field and the status quo, existing prior to the Cleveland experiment is restored, with the old company again in control. Students of municipal problems will regret this untimely ending, after six months' trial, of that which Mayor Johnson had striven for in seven years of agitation. It promised to solve the low-fare question without entailing municipal ownership. Private capital was to get its fair returns on a guaranteed six per cent dividend on the old company's stock and in place of reserving surplus profits for itself the Municipal Traction company offered three-cent fares to the people. The arrangement was for twenty-five years, subject to popular approval at a referendum election, which has resulted in giving the scheme its quietus. Too bad.

Fairminded persons will not be disposed to criticize adversely Francis J. Heney for his published reply to the inspired critics who have aspersed his professional reputation by asserting that it was due to his ignorance in drawing the indictments against the grafting Mayor Schmitz that the utterly discredited official was turned loose. The assistant prosecuting attorney's vigorous defense is in the form of an open letter answering a statement from Chief Justice Beatty, published recently, excusing the decision of the supreme court in holding that the Schmitz indictment was improperly drawn and faulty because it omitted to state that the guilty official was mayor of San Francisco. Heney retorts by saying the country is struggling with the problem of whether it is any longer possible to punish the guilty, the time having long passed when it was possible to punish an innocent man. He shows that the indictments in question were drawn by two competent lawyers, one of them an assistant prosecutor, and that after examining them he was convinced that they correctly and sufficiently charged the offense of extortion under the statutes. He contends by arguments and citations from authorities of other states that the supreme court could have taken judicial notice of the fact that Schmitz was mayor even though the indictments failed to specify that fact, particularly as no substantial injustice accrued to the defendant by reason of the omission. Unprejudiced laymen will be inclined to agree with Mr. Heney that the straw-splitting decision of the supreme court was an egregious blunder on its face even if it was technically correct, from a fine-haired viewpoint. Also, that the action of Chief Justice Beatty in defending the decision through the public press is an extraordinary procedure. However, the same unprejudiced laymen will argue that it was weak enough to require lots of bolstering.

It is interesting to note that the "original Topsy" in the first staged "Uncle Tom's Cabin" recently died at her home in Cambridge at the ripe age of 80. Her maiden name was Caroline E. Fox, but having married George C. Howard, who dramatized Harriet Beecher Stowe's great novel of slavery, the wife essayed the part of Topsy, playing it with great success. Her daughter, Cordelia, was also the original Eva, and Mr. Howard the first St. Clair. It was their combined genius that vitalized the melodrama and caused it to touch the hearts of the people. Miss Howard was a woman of petite figure, whose quaint and curious presentation of the elfin little darkey girl that "spec' I done growed" is still remembered by many as a wonderful piece of stage illusion. She had a wholesome contempt for the latter-day "Uncle Tom" companies with their two Topsy's, two Uncle Toms and other "doubles." In her teens, she was married at 15, Miss Howard played in support of Edwin Forrest and Charles Kemble.

In many ways the Harriman lines have adopted liberal policies that are distinctly beneficial to the communities whose territories they traverse. In Nebraska, Washington, and other western states, for example, these lines are operating free agricultural and horticultural trains, acting in conjunction with the several universities and the state governments. In this way the quality of corn and wheat has been improved, the production to

the acre increased and the amount of fallow land by crop rotation decreased. It is worth noting that similar trains are being operated in California, under the direction of the traffic department of the Southern Pacific company, with the assistance of the state university, Stanford, the department of agriculture and the state horticultural commission. While the state university, through its extension work, has accomplished much, and the government, through bureaus of soils and plant industry, has done a great deal in making cultivation more effective in California there are many farmers, orchardists and vineyardists not able to discuss local conditions with the experts of the several institutions. The free agricultural and horticultural trains sent out by the Southern Pacific will remedy this hitherto unavoidable neglect by carrying lecture and living cars directly to the people interested, thereby doing a most commendable service to the state. The traffic department of the railroad will be glad to receive suggestions as to the itineraries of trains.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

There is no hidebound partisanship about the San Francisco electorate. Analysis of last Tuesday's vote will furnish several surprises. For instance, according to present figuring—the morning after—Taft carries the city by 10,000, while Murasky, Democrat, led Melvin, Republican, by about the same majority. San Francisco has always taken care of her favorite sons. Six years ago Lane polled nearly ten thousand votes more than Pardee for governor, although in 1900 San Francisco had given McKinley ten thousand more than Bryan.

* * *

In one of the hottest political fights ever waged in this city of strife, that over the judiciary, which centered round the personalities and performances of Judge Frank D. Dunne and Judge Carroll Cook, it is remarkable that the two leading newspapers, the Examiner and the Chronicle, took no part. The Chronicle, it is true, was courageous enough to recommend mildly the election of the Republican nominees, but scrupulously ignored the issues raised. The Examiner found itself tongue-tied by the accident of both Dunne and Cook being on the Independence league ticket, nominated by a postal primary vote, which represented three of four hundred citizens! Several months ago the Hearst paper was daily caricaturing Judge Dunne as Judge "Finished," but his securing a place on the Hearst ticket apparently gave him immunity.

* * *

Immunity, by the way, has so tainted San Francisco's fresh air that it is becoming a stench in the nostrils of justice. Is it not curious in a prosecution, the inspiration of which was supposed to be the stamping out of bribery, that bartering for evidence should have become its chief weapon? Take the latest instance, in the case of the convicted "jury-fixer," Blake. Here is a man of worthless reputation who, standing up to receive his sentence, announces his desire to confess. His confession cannot palliate the crime of which he already stands convicted. Its sole object is to involve others in his crime, others whom the prosecution is far more anxious to punish than himself. With the same breath with which he involves others he confesses that up to that moment he has perjured himself throughout his trial and deceived his own lawyers. He swears that on the one hand he has been offered \$10,000 and \$100 a month for his wife during his imprisonment if he will keep silence, while on the other hand the prosecution's agents have held out to him no hope for mercy in return for his confession. The judge who had already refused the defense's motion for a postponement of sentence now grants the prosecution the same request. The judge at the same time—on the eve of his contest for re-election—realizing that the people have grown mortally sick of the immunity traffic, solemnly warns his prisoner—and the public—that the confession will not prevent the punishment fitting the crime. Yet the judge postpones sentence, and, meanwhile, more confessions are prepared. The whole process taxes public credulity and distorts justice.

* * *

But for the heavy vote cast against the capitol removal project in Southern California, Berkeley might have been successful in its whirlwind campaign to wrest the seat of government from Sacramento. The tactics of the promoters of the new capitol swept the Sacramentans off their feet at the eleventh hour and they had no time to

catch their breath before election day. The Berkeley generals had laid their plans with the utmost secrecy and care, and did not open fire until three days before the election. Then the state was flooded with personal letters and well prepared documents—half a million of them went through the mails—and on the day before election every prominent newspaper appeared with a full page argument in favor of the capitol removal. The question had almost been lost sight of in the stress of the campaign and in the consideration of the multitude of amendments. Nothing could have suited Berkeley's book better. Her champions held all their fire till the last moment and had figured that their best chance of victory lay in the casting of a comparatively small vote against the project. The commanding genius of the campaign was Thomas Rickard, thrice mayor of Berkeley, who is well known in Los Angeles, having large business interests there and being a member of the California club. Rickard is president of the League of Republican clubs and enjoys a widespread acquaintance and popularity throughout the state. If Berkeley had been able to supersede Sacramento, Rickard's friends were preparing to urge his candidacy for the governorship.

San Francisco is reveling in the "discovery" of another "peerless soprano." The local critics have prided themselves on having exalted Tetrassini to her proper pinnacle long before her name was heard of in New York. Now, they are bent on pioneering the fame of Blanche Arral, the Belgian singer. Enthusiasts, forgetting their Tetrassini panegyrics, acclaim Arral as the greatest coloratura singer since Patti and predict the most dazzling future for her. Certainly Arral has a wonderful gift of song, and no singer since Tetrassini has created such a furore here. I presume the indefatigable and resourceful Behymer will be "presenting" her soon to Los Angeles.

Next Friday morning a special train will leave this city bearing two hundred or so eminent San Franciscans to explore and enjoy Los Angeles. The occasion is the tenth semi-annual meeting of the counties committee of the California Promotion committee which convenes in the Alexandria hotel the following day. Rufus P. Jennings, the factotum of the committee, is enthusiastic over the event and believes that the meeting will do much to wipe out certain misunderstandings which in the past have existed in the south concerning the work of the California Promotion committee. Judging from the list of men who already have made reservation for the trip, San Francisco's delegation will be thoroughly representative. Oakland, Berkeley and other transbay communities also promise to be well represented.

Oliver Morosco must look to his laurels. Another California playwright has arrived with another Indian play. Sedley Brown, who is stage director of the new Valencia theater, produced this week his play, "A Navajo's Love," and the critics, as is their wont with local talent, have been very kind to it. Sedley Brown's drama, despite its title, is not distinctively western, for all the scenes are laid in and near New York city. The Indian hero is a college man who makes a fortune on Wall street. He falls in love with the daughter of a Wall street magnate who, however, already is betrothed to another financial baron. The play is reminiscent of "Strongheart," but Mr. Brown wrote it before Robert Edeson's success was produced.

Fur is expected to fly next week when Upton Sinclair, the Jungle man, and Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Clansman," propose to meet in the deadly combat of debate. Dixon's "Clansman" is now being played at a local theater to the mortification of the colored brethren.

San Francisco, Nov. 5. R. H. C.

At Ocean Park

Along the esplanade they strolled
And all the outside world was lost;
Between the breakers' dash he told
His love, in accents tempest-tossed.
She turned her head, a furtive sigh
Proclaimed how deeply she was stirred,
Then glancing with her shoreward eye
She made him happy with a word.
He begged a kiss; he swore no maid
By any man was more adored;
But when she vowed she was afraid
The breakers simply roared.

—C.



No "Copy" in General Chaffee

In spite of his three score years, a large part of it passed in the service of his country, Lieutenant General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., retired, who was to have cast his first vote for President last Tuesday, failed of realizing that ambition and thereby hangs a tale. The late chief of staff of the army had anticipated with considerable pleasure the registering of his presidential preference for William Howard Taft, who is his personal friend. A morning newspaper, cognizant of the human interest in the facts, had expected to set the stage for what was to follow, with all of the proper yellow accessories made and provided. A reporter was sent to the Chaffee residence on Magnolia avenue and the general was advised as to how he was expected to pose in the premises. He repelled the suggestion with considerable heat, and a second writer was sent out to run the victim to cover. Then the general delivered himself of several remarks more forcible than elegant insisting that he would be blankety, blanked several times over before he would permit the occasion to fly a sensation to the populace.

Failed to Land the Veteran

Followed a third attempt to procure a story, to get which a woman reporter was dispatched, who was noted for her success in landing what is regarded by obdurate city editors, as "hard" copy. The third attempt was no more successful than was its two predecessors. Late Tuesday afternoon Republican watchers in General Chaffee's precinct telephoned requesting his attendance at the polls in order that his vote might be cast and counted. The grizzled warrior, however, suspecting a trap, declined emphatically to come through. It was his first retreat in sight of the foe and, all circumstances considered, I cannot see how the veteran can be blamed.

Gates' Wrong Steer

Racing men from New York and elsewhere, to the number of a dozen or more dropped large amounts upon the gubernatorial result in New York. The odds which had been ten to eight on Chanler for several days, began to veer around a week ago. By Tuesday morning they were exactly reversed with Hughes, Republican, on the wrong end. Late Monday night a message arrived in Los Angeles from New York city, sent by John W. Gates to his son, Charles, who is here for the winter, in which the latter was advised that his father had placed on the Democratic candidate for governor in the Empire state a total of \$100,000. The younger Gates lost no time in pushing the glad tidings along where they were intended to do the most good. Every book-maker in town (and there are nearly a hundred here from the eastern tracks, awaiting the opening of Santa Anita) immediately rushed for his roll. The sporting gentry could not get their funds down fast enough on the good things. About \$60,000 was placed on Chanler at eight to ten between noon and four o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The New York state returns are an old story by this time, so that the sequel need not be referred to here with more detail.

Sharing Honors With Bradner W. Lee

With no desire to play the role of a prophet, The Graphic feels inclined to felicitate itself upon its ante-election predictions as to local results, and as anticipated one week ago. Bradner W. Lee, chairman of the Republican county central committee, again has proved himself as efficient as he is modest, and with very nearly a record-breaking plurality cast by Los Angeles for the head of the Republican national ticket, and with every candidate elected, Mr. Lee and his executive and campaign committees are entitled to as many prizes for good judgment as the party organization may have at its disposal for their particular benefit.

Nothing Worse Than a "Scare"

As it was forecast in The Graphic of Oct. 31, Judson Rush, Democratic aspirant for congress in the Seventh California district, gave to his opponent a scare from which the incumbent may not recover fully for the next two years. In all kindness to Congressman McLachlan, he will have to bestir himself from now until the next election in order to disprove the charges repeat-

edly made that he is inclined to be inattentive to duty and absent from the house repeatedly. But to be fair, McLachlan has proved himself in times past an efficient representative and his defeat at this time was bound to have worked harm to his constituency. He is close to the top on one of the three prominent committees in the house, a position a new member cannot reach without years of apprenticeship. There is a lot of good in McLachlan, and barring the fact that he is a hopeless standpatter, his faults really are those of omission rather than commission.

Partisan Supervisors Not Always Best

Whether or not the election of three Republican supervisors will redound to the best advantage of the good people of Los Angeles county, remains to be seen. A lot of us, conversant with conditions, are inclined to the opinion that in local matters, partisan politics should cut no figure, everything else being equal. I have in view, particularly, the supervisory candidacy of H. J. Wollacott, a pioneer of thirty years' residence in the community, who has in that time not only seen Los Angeles grow from a pueblo into a metropolis, but himself has been a participant in the city's upbuilding, and in such growth he has acquired a competence that places him beyond temptation. This is not to be regarded as any disparagement of Mr. Wollacott's opponent, however. As between R. W. Pridham and Anthony Schwamm, it was proper that the former should have been elected to succeed Supervisor C. E. Patterson, for reasons similar to those set forth above.

Will Porter's Achievements

As a rule, President "Will" Porter of Associated Oil is not inclined to communicativeness. He is a Doer rather than a Talker, as his brilliant achievements in the oil industry of California abundantly prove. That he is a man of great ability allied with remarkable intuitive perceptions will not be refuted by those who know this modest, but highly successful operator. At an impromptu dinner he gave at the California club last Saturday night, on one of his flying visits to Los Angeles from the north, conversation, insidiously lead by Hancock Banning, was directed into oil channels, Hancock remarked that the West Los Angeles district would hardly be recognized these days by those who knew the Sherman field five or six years ago—"and you are responsible for that change, Will," he suddenly observed, turning to the host.

Example of His Alertness

Mr. Porter smiled. "Well," he slowly admitted, "when you told me to look into that field, I was inclined, at first, to scoff at the suggestion, but I had an inspiration that night and early next morning engaged an automobile—they were scarcer then than now—to take me out to the ground. I found half a dozen wells going, and the total yield was between four hundred and five hundreds barrels a day. The lessee, I discovered, was a former partner of mine and we soon made terms. This was the beginning of the Amalgamated Oil company, controlled by the Associated. In that field two and a quarter million dollars have been invested and instead of five wells there are now upward of one hundred in active operation, producing heavily. We have the territory and it is all proved ground. In time it will be a great dividend-earner.

Saving Millions for California

This was a long speech for Will Porter, and it was the more interesting because it recounted a bit of contemporaneous history in the life of the local oil industry. To which Hancock Banning added: "And 'Billy' Porter has been the means of saving millions of dollars to California, first by developing our natural resources for our own use, next, by selling the product abroad. I mind the time when as high as twenty-five vessels, built on the Clyde, were in the habit of coming to San Pedro with cargoes of coal, averaging four or five thousand tons each and occasionally, one with as many again. The market isn't here for much of that fuel now; we supply our own, and this is the man," slipping his left hand around Will Porter's neck, "who has helped to change these conditions." It was an interesting evening.

Six-Day Old "News" Specials

In the Sunday papers of Oct. 25 published on the Atlantic coast appeared a news item, following a Boston date line, announcing the demise of Mrs. George C. Howard, the original "Topsy" in the staged version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," reference to which is made in the "Graphites" column of this issue. The esteemed Examiner printed

the same item in its issue of Sunday, Nov. 1, giving it a Boston date of Oct. 31. Verily, the ways of certain metropolitan newspapers are not far removed from those of small-bore provincial dailies having one machine and a "pony" report.

Twenty-Year-Old Lemon For Mr. Bryan

Last week, in cutting a dormer window in the roof of his country residence at Alhambra, fronting the Huntington drive, J. A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers' and Merchants' National bank, came across a relic that recalled an episode of twenty years ago, when his house was building. The chief carpenter at that time chanced to take sick and a diet of lemon juice had been prescribed. The lemons, gathered on the ranch, the artisan kept near him to suck at while at work. In shingling the roof he inadvertently enclosed his lemon stock and did not discover his loss until too late. As lemons were plentiful they were left undisturbed. Mr. Graves came across them when the opening was made for the dormer window. Black and hard from age but still retaining their spherical form and actually yielding a few drops of juice under pressure. One of the lemons will be sent to the author of the bank deposit guarantee folly, with the commiserations of the grower.

Origin of Simi Ranch Name

"I had always wondered what gave name to the big Simi ranch in Ventura county," said Robert W. Poindexter, a day or two ago. "I once asked Senator Bard, but he was in doubt; said he thought it was a native Indian name. It remained for me to trace its origin this summer, when I was in Florence. I there discovered that Simi was the name of a once-powerful Florentine family, descendants of which had settled in Southern California in the early part of the nineteenth century; it was they, undoubtedly, who gave the ranch its title. This great property, consisting of one thousand acres, was included in the syndicate formed by President "Tom" Scott of the Pennsylvania road, and of which Senator Bard, in his younger days, had charge. It has been divided many times since the syndicate sold out its holdings, but the home place is still known as the Simi ranch."

Banker Elliott's Denver Echo

At the last monthly dinner of the Sunset club it was my good fortune to have as seatmates Senator Bulla on my left and President Elliott of the First National bank on my right. Both are capital storytellers. One told by the senator I am holding in reserve, but an echo of the recent bankers' convention at Denver, conveyed by Mr. Elliott is timely. We had been discussing Bryan's bank guarantee folly, when, with one of his dry chuckles, Mr. Elliott remarked: "We had with us at Denver a banker from Oklahoma—where the deposit guarantee plan is being tried out—who told me of a chap that had failed three times in business and had associated himself with a county treasurer under indictment for malfeasance in office. The two have established a string of ten banks, capitalized at \$10,000 each, and are doing a land office business in a speculative way. Said the Oklahoma banker: 'With the state assuring the public that the new banks are as safe as the old ones, meanwhile promising to tax the latter to make good its pledge, the result is certain. Competition is intensified and the bank deposits find their way into the hands of the most venturesome class of bankers, who bid highest for them. The outcome may be safely predicted. When the smashup comes Oklahoma will discard this guarantee folly and the country will thank her for the lesson, which will be cheap at the price.'"

Conspiring Against Judge Graff

After a two-months' absence in the effete East Judge M. L. Graff is home again—and dieting. "Never was so feasted in my life," he told me a day or two ago at the club. "Dinners, and dinners, and dinners, till my poor stomach groaned in distress and not all the golf playing I could find time to do would put me in condition. I told my sister, whom I visited in Cincinnati, that it was a conspiracy to administer on my estate. I am now going up to the dining room for a bowl of milk and a stick or two of Swedish bread. It will take me a week to get back to normal." Just the same the judge never looked better, despite his pretended indigestion.

Tip From Justice Shaw

Supreme Justice Lucien Shaw, who still claims Los Angeles as his home, has gone north. He waited long enough to cast his vote. While in the south Justice Shaw did not hesitate to express himself forcibly in private conversation to the ef-

fect that Southern California should secure more representation in the state's highest court. "It is conceded by the supreme court that a large number of issues come to us from down here that are not always understood by members of the court from the north," said he. "There seem to be so many conflicting interests all the time. I believe that had Southern California gone after the McFarland vacancy earlier it would have been landed. As it is I have no doubt that if a united effort is made next time, the concession will be acceded to without protest."

Newspapers and "Special Missions"

I have had the pleasure of reading in the Long Beach Press a disquisition on newspapers with "special missions," which my esteemed contemporary truthfully remarks travel rocky roads to public favor. By way of pointing a moral to adorn its editorial tale the Long Beach Press has this to say:

The Los Angeles News under Sam T. Clover was considered by the public to be the organ of the power, light and other corporations, and the people would have none of it. The News under Clover was a rattling good newspaper. It was well edited, neat typographically, printed the news all the time—but the taint of corporation money was on it in the public mind; it had a "special mission" to perform. People who know Clover never believed the tales told about the News under his management. No man ever labored more earnestly to establish an absolutely independent newspaper, but the "special mission" taint was never overcome and the News was suspended.

From an Authoritative Source

I would remind the esteemed Press, as one who ought to know, that The Evening News, which, I am informed by the Press, "the people would have none of," in the two and a half years of its existence attained the really remarkable circulation of 24,000 daily and far from being regarded as an organ of corporations, power or otherwise, was, in truth and in fact, the most independent and outspoken of all the dailies in regard to corporations seeking special privileges. No other newspaper was more fearless and honest for the right than The Evening News, from the day it was started, and its suspension was due solely to a lack of working capital, following six months of money stringency; the loss in business all around falling heavier on The Evening News, because it was the latest in the field.

Victim of Mud-Slinging

As for the "taint of corporations," that charge was made by one of its consistent well-wishers, the esteemed Times, which sought in that way to undermine the paper's influence. Curious, that a newspaper with 24,000 circulation, and almost breaking even, so soon after its establishment, should not be able to raise a few thousand dollars, if it were controlled by wealthy corporations, isn't it? Far from being avoided by the people, I know from the hundreds of letters its heart-broken editor and founder received following its demise, that they really loved it, and sincerely, most sincerely deplored its passing. Perhaps I am writing too earnestly on this subject, but I wish to set the esteemed Press on the right track. Having a warm sympathy for the former editor of The Evening News in his distress, perhaps my readers will condone this burst.

King Edward Gets a Respite

I hear that the proposed European excursion, that was to have resulted in inducting King Edward of England into the mysteries of the A. O. N. O. T. M. S., has been abandoned for the present. As the plan was outlined, Al Malaikah Temple of Los Angeles was to have chartered a special steamer, in order to make the trip across the Atlantic in state. This was to have been the crowning incident in the administration of Fred A. Hines as imperial recorder. Fred will reach the top of the order in two years, if I am correctly informed, and the King Edward idea may be revived by that time. What an advertisement it would prove for Los Angeles and Southern California!

Passing of Charles Strange

There died in this city recently, Charles Strange, several years ago building superintendent of Los Angeles, who in his time was regarded as a genius in architecture. Strange planned more than one-third of the school buildings of the city, in addition to the police station, the Hotel Green in Pasadena, and the state capitol at Helena, Mont. Domestic trouble drove him to Mexico, and when he arrived in Redondo recently, he was in the last stages of dropsy. His funeral was attended only by members of his family and there was no mention of his end in the local press. Yet

Charles Strange in his life, was responsible for several chapters of romance, that would have caused the average author of the modern school of realism to sit up and take notice. For obvious reasons his story cannot be printed here. Strange was one of the best of so-called "good fellows," and scores of persons who knew him in his prime will regret his passing, in spite of the fact that certain incidents in his career severed many friendships among men in his later years of life.

Leo Jolts Motley

In spite of these little handicaps, (and Senator Flint is not wealthy as money is judged in the effete East) the junior member of the senate from California does not deny that at times he is enamored of the fleshspots of Washington, although the senator's brother, Postmaster Motley H. Flint, tries to scatter occasionally, where it will do most good, contrary seeds of thought. One of these sowings occurred recently when the alert postmaster insisted that Senator Flint has had enough of Washington life, and that he will not seek a re-election two years hence. "Forget it, Mot, old man," remarked Leo V. Youngworth, United States marshal, who was among those present. "That story would sound all right to others. I know better, because Frank has informed me to the contrary." Then Motley changed the conversation.

Popular Marshal Youngworth

Leo Youngworth, by the way, is one of the most popular officials and clubmen in the city. When it became known that he was in hospital, suffering from what was feared might develop into pneumonia, there was a scampering as if one of the crowned heads of Europe or the President of the United States was at death's door. Flowers and other attentions were showered upon the marshal, and his nurses were compelled to issue ten minute bulletins of his condition before his anxious personal following was satisfied that Youngworth was not in serious danger. As a matter of fact, the federal official was at the polls on election day, looking only slightly the worse for wear. His pneumonia symptoms were attributable to poisoned duck that was imposed upon him at dinner on a recent visit to San Francisco.

Senator Flint's Plans

Frank P. Flint, United States senator, is preparing to resume his official duties in Washington. He will be in the national capital before Thanksgiving Day, taking up his residence in his own home on Massachusetts avenue for the coming session of the two houses. Congress convenes the first Monday in December, and the meeting is what is known as the short session. That is to say the two houses will adjourn March 4, at which time probably an extra session will convene, in order to set about the work of tariff revision. While in attendance upon his official duties at the national capital, California's junior United States senator uses horses, a carriage, and, of course, a coachman, as befits his position. I doubt if the average newspaper reader realizes the expense of such little luxuries at Washington. They actually cost Senator Flint about \$250 a month. No wonder it calls for a good income to maintain successfully the dignity and social standing that doth hedge about a member of the American house of millionaires.

Chamberlain a Convert

Samuel Chamberlain, next to Arthur Brisbane, the highest-priced employe in the Hearst News service, has been in Los Angeles for several weeks. He is here largely for recuperation and, soon after his arrival, he was forced to go to a hospital for a rest cure. Mr. Chamberlain says that hereafter he will visit Los Angeles at least once a year.

What Might Have Been

That the late Ben E. Ward, had he lived, might have been the new member of the lower house of congress from the Seventh California district, is the statement of at least two persons of reputation, who insist that Ward pledged himself, soon after the municipal election last year, to stand for an Independent Republican nomination with a Democratic endorsement, in the recent campaign. According to the story, Ward had stated, after being importuned to stand for the program as outlined, that he would agree to do so, providing he was not asked to get into the race for the regular Republican nomination. It will be recalled that in his last campaign for county assessor, Ward made an independent fight, without the backing of the Republican county convention, and after he had secured the Democratic endorsement, he won with ease before the people. While it

may be idle to speculate in such matters, I am of the opinion that Ben Ward as an independent Republican nominee for congressman probably would have been elected with ease this year, provided, of course, no Democrat with a party nomination from that source had been placed in the race.

Romance of Violinist Wilczek

Mr. and Mrs. Franz Wilczek with their young son, Rene Newton Wilczek, left Wednesday morning for Europe, where they plan to remain for several years. In Mr. Wilczek's departure Los Angeles loses one of the most famous of its musical colony and his leaving calls to mind the story of the pretty romance by which he takes away as his wife, one of Los Angeles' most attractive girls. Wilczek, an Austrian by birth, won early fame as a violinist in Europe. He came to New York, later, there to achieve more honors and in the midst of America's most exclusive society circle, that mecca of multi-millionaires with social aspirations, he found a ready welcome. A marriage, uncongenial, hampered his happiness and in mutual agreement with his wife he left New York about three years ago and went to Omaha to establish a residence and obtain a divorce.

Married His Los Angeles Pupil

About the same time, Miss Lena Newton, daughter of one of Los Angeles' wealthiest men, went east to pursue further her study of the violin. An interested friend told her of Mr. Wilczek and showed her his picture. "Why I could love that man," remarked Miss Newton, "and I certainly wish to study under him." As a consequence Miss Newton went to Omaha, where Mr. Wilczek consented to undertake her musical training. His own education in love began at the same time and freed of the shackles of his former marriage he quickly wooed and won his pupil for his bride. It was for his wife's health that Mr. Wilczek came to Los Angeles and took up a temporary residence about two years ago. An odd incident of the romantic meeting and marriage of Mr. Wilczek and Miss Newton is that the first wife of the talented violinist herself fell a victim to the Los Angeles girl's charms and the two are the best of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wilczek will sail from New York on the Prince Frederick Wilhelm Nov. 12. They will go direct to Paris and plan to enjoy a year or two of rest, recreation and pleasure traveling. At the end of that time Mr. Wilczek will make a concert tour of the world and eventually will return to America, where he will make his home in the east.

Perkins' Return Assured

It surprised none of us familiar with the facts that a solidly Republican delegation for the legislature again has been selected from Los Angeles county. The result means, of course, the return of George C. Perkins as United States senator. California's senior senator belongs to the group of members in the upper house in Washington referred to as the Elder Statesmen, who are led by Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island and Hale of Maine. Senator Perkins was among those who voted aye in the last congress when the issue of four new battleships was up before the senate in the last session of congress. Three months later Mr. Perkins told a San Francisco audience that the American navy needed all the battleships that could be built and that he had always favored such an enlargement and his guileless constituents, who had forgotten the senator's record on the subject permitted the incident to be dropped without so much as a murmur of protest.

What Killed State Salary Increase

While the amendment for increasing state salaries was loaded with a heavy rider that carried a large annual honorarium for the lieutenant-governor, there is no doubt that pay of the attorney general, surveyor general, state superintendent of public instruction, and secretary of state, and other state officers should be increased. Imagine, if you can, the salary of the attorney general of California at \$250 a month, with the pay of the district attorney of San Francisco at twice that sum and Captain Fredericks in Los Angeles receiving \$5,000 a year. The secretary of state and surveyor general and state superintendent of public instruction all are paid \$3,000 a year, while corresponding positions in Los Angeles county are worth from \$4,000 to \$5,000 each annually. California's elective state salaries were fixed when the constitution was adopted, in 1878. I think it was, and they are the only salaries in the United States, I am quite convinced, that have not been advanced since that time.



IV (Continued)

Jim produced a flat bottle partially filled with whiskey and the foreman poked the nozzle between the chauffeur's teeth and tilted the fluid. It gurgled and ran down each side of the man's mouth before he swallowed enough to produce results.

Then he coughed, spluttered a bit, shook himself and opened his eyes.

"Where's my hat?" he demanded, fiercely, feeling his bare head.

"That's all safe, son," advised his rescuer, cheerfully; "how d'ye feel?"

"Like the devil," he growled. "My head buzzes worse'n that blamed machine ever did."

"Anything broken?"

For answer the man essayed to rise and succeeded in standing on his feet.

"Seem's to be all right," he ventured, after rubbing his arms, thighs and legs; "but, Lordy! I'm sore, and my head's just thumpin'."

Philip addressed the elderly gentleman. "I think perhaps you would better let one of the men drive you in the wagon to the Short line crossing and take the electric car to the city. The chauffeur has had a severe shock and your wife and daughter are unnerved. The garage people can send out for the machine; I will accompany you to the city if you wish."

But they protested it was not necessary although the girl gave Philip a grateful look. He helped them into the wagon, removing the cushions from the automobile to serve as seats. The girl's father slipped a gold piece into the foreman's hand and they drove off, Philip riding alongside.

"Perhaps you'd like to put on this veil," he suggested, addressing the daughter. "I found it clinging to a bush."

"Indeed I would," was the fervent response. "My face must be a sight."

He edged the mare to the wagon and leaning over handed the young woman the green gauze. "I wouldn't let a little good California dirt worry me," he laughed.

She smiled back through the muddy streaks. "O, I won't, I won't," she reiterated, "but I'm so afraid of scaring the natives." Then she retreated behind the green veil.

At the crossing Philip dismounted. "I'm sorry to have my country prove so inhospitable," he said, addressing Helen's father, "and I hope you won't hold it against us."

"Not a bit of it," was the response. "The trouble was with the steering apparatus. It became unmanageable at an inopportune moment. On the level we might have fared better. However, I'm thankful it's no worse."

He pulled out a card and handed it to Philip who read, "David Preston Densmore."

"I haven't a card in these riding clothes, apologized the Californian. "My name is Philip Northrup and I live five miles beyond here in the valley."

"My wife, and daughter, Helen," said Mr. Densmore introducing each with a wave of the hand. "We are at the Westminster, but leave for Chicago tomorrow or we would be glad to have you call."

Philip expressed his regret and added that he was arranging to go east soon himself, whereupon Miss Helen borrowed her father's card and wrote "Lake Shore Drive" in one corner.

"If you get to Chicago come to see us," she urged. "We feel that we are greatly in your debt."

Just then the motorman whistled for the crossing and Philip was obliged to lead Babe back a few paces. The car stopped, the dusty and begrimed tourists stepped aboard, Philip waved his hat and they were whirled out of sight.

V. Under the Big "Peppers"

When the elder Northrup retired from the banking business, he sold his home in Los Angeles, and, to his son's delight, decided to pass the remainder of his days at his beautiful country place in the San Gabriel valley. Here for ten

years he enjoyed relief from the asthmatic trouble that had pursued him so long and then he passed peacefully away.

Philip sincerely mourned his father. The only child, he had been in close comradeship with him, especially since the death of his mother, years before, and the gap left had been a difficult one to bridge.

"Get a wife, Philip, get a wife," had been his father's parting injunction. "A man is only half a man until he acquires a family. A good wife is the greatest prize in life, as she is the greatest comfort."

"No hurry, father, no hurry," was his son's response. "I'm happy enough with you and my horse and Don."

Don was a magnificent collie, that, hearing his name, crawled out from under the lounge and came over to the invalid chair on which the elder man was lying. He licked the latter's hand and received a gentle pat on the head.

"Poor Don, he, too, will pass away in time, Philip. Don't wait too long, my lad."

It had been four years since he had heard his father's voice, yet never had the admonition recurred so strongly to his mind as it did today. Was the advent of Barbara—he caught himself thinking of her by her given name and blushed—or the pretty disorder of Miss Densmore responsible for this mental attitude? He could not decide. For the first time in his life his bachelorhood was seriously menaced and, lo! there were two women in the foreground.

He broke Babe into a rapid singlefoot, exclaiming aloud, "Bah, I'm a fool!" and resolutely shut out the intruding femininity.

Sharp and clear against the sky the ridges of the Sierra Madre range were outlined on his left. "You, at least, bring no disturbing thoughts," he reflected, his eyes fixed on the highest conical peak of Mt. Wilson. "Why can't I be entirely happy when I always have you as a comforter?"

Farther ahead upreared the calm and majestic heights of San Antonio upon whose lofty crown still glistened a snowy reminder of the last spring storm.

"When I went away a month ago," he mused "the golden poppies—the altar cloth of San Gabriel—were abloom at your base. Now they are gone, blown away, vanished, but the snow lingers, apparently defiant of the sun."

"That illustrates the difference between a groundling like myself, and one occupying an exalted position; the latter is not so affected by the changing airs, the adverse winds, the insistent glare of ordinary life. He makes his own atmosphere and lives serenely in it. Not that I want to be a snowy peak, however," he ruminated. "That were too cold a proposition for a man born under California skies; after all, the evanescent poppies are much more lovable."

Philip, you see, was inclined to be sentimental even if he was a bachelor nearing forty. He had lived so much in the open, and had worshipped so long at nature's shrine, without once swerving in his devotion, that his naturally emotional nature found its greatest solace in contemplation of the charms of the hills, mountains and valleys all about him. They fed his soul, they appealed to his artistic taste, they satisfied his inmost longings. Until today they had seemed to be the all and in all of life. Why was it that for the first time they failed to meet every want, to fall short of complete desire?

Philip's home was known as "The Peppers." The house, a brick and stone affair of many rooms, facing north and covered with Boston ivy, occupied a slightly crest in full view of the mountains. It stood midway in the valley with Mt. Wilson and San Antonio, in front, Mt. Temescal at the right and the Mission hills as a base of retreat. A long row of peppers and eucalypti formed a shady avenue from the main road to the lawn, in the center of which rose an enormous date palm. Acacias and camphor trees bordered the walk, which was lined with flowering General Grant geraniums.

Noble shade trees dotted the spacious grounds. Philip's father had imported many varieties of decorative shrubs and trees for his country home and these had thriven and grown amazingly. A symmetrical Norfolk Island pine stood to the right of the house. To the left rose a beautiful English oak uncrowded by too close company. A magnolia unfolded its white petals beneath Philip's bedroom window, which overlooked the park-like grounds. At night mocking birds gathered on its branches and made the air melodious with their clear, terse notes.

But the glory of the place was an immense pepper tree, planted when Philip was a baby, with massive trunk and peacefully drooping branches, from which depended long, delicate,

fern-like leaves, susceptible to the lightest passing breeze. The other enormous peppers gave shade and comfort at the rear of the house and, incidentally, the name of this ideal Southern California home.

But the one parallel with the house was Philip's favorite retreat. It stood in the middle of a circular clearing, the outside rim of which was formed of tall callas, begonias, fuchsias, small ferns and tiny, flowering shrubs. Halfway in the circle two beautiful examples of the Australian fern tree faced each other, handsomer specimens than which were not to be found between San Luis Obispo and San Diego.

In this fascinating spot, under the grateful shade of the far-reaching branches of the gigantic pepper tree Phillip had stretched a hammock and here in his light tennis clothes and white canvass shoes he lay at ease while Jose Garcia, his Mexican gardener, gave him a detailed report of the behavior of his favorite flowers and bushes in his month's absence. Every tree and shrub on the place was dear to his heart.

All the help employed at "The Peppers" was Mexican from Jose, the head gardener, to Faustino, the stable boy. Angeline, or "Angie," as she was commonly known, had been with the Northrups two decades. She was now fifty and had come to Mrs. Northrup in the city, a girl of twenty. From being his father's housekeeper she had transferred her allegiance to the son, and a more devoted servant did not exist. True, she ruled the household with merciless despotism, but no vagary of Philip's ever moved her to the slightest resentment. Like the king, he could do no wrong.

Rita, the maid, was a black-eyed, black-haired girl of nineteen, whose father was a Mexican, her mother an Indian half-breed. They lived near the mission, from whose adobe shack "Angie" had rescued their slavey daughter and taught her how to cater to the comforts of the gringo. She had two perfect rows of glistening teeth, which she exposed continuously, for she laughed often in this comfortable home. Ah, Dios! it was happiness to be there.

Lying in the hammock, Philip could look out toward the cactus bed, a unique collection of the desert plants. The giant in the center was an offspring of the old mission hedge planted by the padres a hundred years before. Its prickly fruit stuck up on the edge of the enormous stalks like so many sore thumbs. Both Jose and Faustino were passionately fond of the ripe tunas, a hankering not shared by Philip, however.

After the gardener had retired, the master of The Peppers opened a current magazine and began to read, but his long ride had induced a drowsiness and presently the pages slipped from his grasp and he dozed comfortably.

A rippling, tantalizing laugh restored consciousness. Without raising his head he could see, just beyond the cactus bed, a white skirt, a pair of black eyes, a mass of jet black hair and a set of dazzling teeth. They were Rita's.

But Rita was not alone. Jose's son, Felipe, a strapping young fellow of twenty-two, employed on the ranch adjoining, was looking down into the girl's saucy eyes, as completely fascinated as a catbird held spellbound by a rattler.

"Hello! here's an incipient love affair," thought Philip. "Wonder where Angie is?" he inwardly chuckled. "Wouldn't she discipline 'em if she knew it?"

Rita was as thorough-going a coquette as any senorita old Audalusia ever knew, and also a terrible tease. If she were fond of Felipe certainly she concealed her feelings most adroitly.

He was addressing her in Spanish, with which language Philip was on fairly familiar terms.

"You will go with me to the dance Saturday night, Rita, yes?" pleaded Felipe.

"What! clear to Puente?" she retorted. "Angie, she would not permit!"

"O, but she needn't know. Tell her you would visit the mother and the father."

Rita affected to be shocked.

"Ah, you, Felipe, urge me to tell my good Angie a lie! For shame, you!"

Felipe was in nowise abashed.

"Why not, my Rita, you have tell her that before."

"Your Rita! Who gave you right to say that?" she demanded, skilfully evading the accusation.

"Did you not promise last Fiesta?" he queried, stung a little by her scornful tone.

"Did I? I have forgot. Maybe I change my mind since."

"Yes, maybe you promise Manuel. He say mean things. I smash him one day, maybe."

Rita laughed. "Ah, Felipe, he is too little; I

like big men, and she gazed admiringly on her lover's tall frame and broad shoulders.

Felipe moved nearer. "You do like me, eh, querida?" and he slid his arm around her waist.

But just when Rita seemed about to yield and permit a caress fate, in the person of Angeline, intervened. She had been in the greenhouse watering a pet plant, when the unguarded tones of the two reached her ears. Tiptoeing to the door nearest the cactus bed, she stole out across the lawn and before Felipe and the girl had scented her presence she was upon them like an avenging Assyrian.

"Madre de Dios, Angie!" gasped Rita, as that absolute monarchy dealt her a resounding box on the ear. Without another word she ran precipitately toward the house, while Felipe fled incontinently in the opposite direction.

As for Angie's master, he was convulsed with mirth in the hammock, an unsuspected observer of the little comedy.

VI. The Tragedy at the "Buena Vista"

Although Philip had lived thirty-nine years, he had yet to see that portion of the United States lying beyond the Rockies. Several times he had planned a visit to the big eastern cities, but other diversions at home were so much more to his liking that he deferred the trip. A member of the famous Sierra club he found far greater attraction in its annual outing than long rides on the steam cars suggested. He was a good mountain climber and in the companionship of kindred souls he was content to let the East wait.

But this year he had resolved to go. He felt ashamed of his apathy toward his own country and secretly regarded himself as a provincial. It was time to remedy such neglect.

Fortunately, his law business offered no obstacle. While Philip was in good standing at the bar, he had made no effort to secure a general practice. His father had left considerable property which required his personal supervision, and, in addition, he had the management of two large estates, of whose minor heirs he was the guardian. But while he did not practice, he did not allow his knowledge of the law, gained at the state university, to lapse, and few of his professional brethren in Los Angeles kept better informed on late decisions. This was generally understood by his colleagues, who not infrequently sought his advice. Philip had what is termed a judicial mind, and his friends were wont to declare that the California bench was the poorer because his inherited wealth deprived him of the incentive to pursue a professional career.

It was Tuesday morning, and Friday afternoon he was booked on the Santa Fe Limited for Chicago. In between, there was much to be done as he expected to be absent eight or ten weeks.

Among other interests, Philip found diversion in the ownership of a silver mine up the San Gabriel canyon, not more than twenty miles from "The Peppers." It had been a toy his father had acquired a few years before his death. The son had kept up the assessment work by installing a veteran Australian miner at the property, on salary, with a promise of participation in the profits if any rich ore were discovered. So far, the "Buena Vista" had not materially enhanced his income.

But a letter had arrived in his absence at the north, urging him to visit the mine. His superintendent wrote only a few lines which told little; it was what he did not say that caused the owner to suspect that perhaps a "strike" had been made.

"Rita, tell Faustino to have Babe ready for me in half an hour," instructed Philip at the breakfast table. "I am going up to the mine, Angie," he added, turning to his housekeeper, "and shall be away till Wednesday night."

Philip found an appetizing luncheon in his saddle bag when, a few hours later, he halted at the foot of the trail leading to the mine. A flask of native sherry gave flavor to the eating, and a copious draught of the clear, cold water that trickled down from a rocky cleft 200 feet above, completed a most satisfactory meal. Fodder for the mare was found in the lean-to, built by one of his employees for Babe's accommodation. After seeing that she was entirely comfortable, Philip threw his saddle bag over his shoulder and started upward for a stiff climb.

He knew what was before him and had shed all superfluous clothing. At times the June sun beat fiercely on the trail; but the Californian revelled in the dry heat and suffered no great discomfort. He was no tenderfoot! He had known and loved this glorious sun all his life!

Two hours of steady climbing brought him to

the outer edge of a big bend, whence he could look across to the superintendent's cabin that was built on the slope of the mountain, the other side of the horseshoe. A sheer drop of 2,000 feet or more was the front door view; at the rear towered the mountain peak, rising 1,500 feet almost perpendicular. Half way up was the tunnel opening of the "Buena Vista."

Philip gave a "halloo" as he came in sight of the well-known spot and presently a hand was waved in reply and a long "coo-ee" floated across the intervening space. It was the answering signal of the old Ballarat miner, "Clayte" Anderson.

But the trail presented many convolutions before the cabin could be reached and to traverse its windings consumed another twenty minutes. It was nearly 3 o'clock when he sat on the porch steps of the shack and spied the tiny, silvery stream meandering along, hundreds of feet below.

"Well, Clayte, what have you found?" was his first question, after the greetings were over. "I know you didn't write that note for nothing."

For answer Clayte reached under a bench on the porch and brought forth several pieces of soft rock, which he handed over without a word.

Philip took out his magnifying glass and critically examined the specimens. They were black with native silver; fairly strung with the rich ore. "Whew! Much of this in sight?" he asked, after a few minutes.

"Loads of it," was the rejoinder. "We're in a chamber just streaked with the stuff, but, I'm sorry to say, it cost a man's life to uncover it."

"You don't mean it? Why, how was that?" inquired Philip, greatly concerned.

"I had a Mexican named Pedro helping me at a dollar a day and his board. I really didn't need him, but he wanted to stay up the mountain, so I put him at work. We had 'shot' this chamber, loosening tons upon tons of rich rock, and both of us had crawled back to see the results of the blast."

"I made a careful examination and satisfied myself that not all the rock had dropped; in fact, the top looked mighty shaky to me and I backed out calling to Pedro to follow."

"I had spread a canvass to catch the richest pieces and he was sitting on it right under the threatening roof, intently inspecting some of that stuff you hold in your hand."

"Come out, Pedro, quick!" I yelled, 'Hurry, hurry!' and I hustled out myself, for I was pretty badly scared."

"In a minute, yes," I heard him say. "Before I could speak again there was a tremendous crash and a little later a smothered groan. I knew what had happened."

"I waited until I thought the danger was over and then crawled back into the chamber."

"Pedro was bent over on his stomach with a mass of rock wedged into his back; his head, fearfully battered, was turned toward the entrance."

"He wasn't quite dead. He lay there gasping and blinking his eyes at my candle. 'Sorry, sorry,' he muttered, and then was still. He didn't speak again."

"I sent word down to Azusa and the deputy coroner came out next day. He saw the body and after hearing my explanation the boys brought in a verdict of accidental death. We buried Pedro on the plateau just below the mine."

"Was he a man of family?"

"No; his father works for the Power company, I believe, but the young chap didn't live at home."

[To be Continued]

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

No dramatic library can be considered complete without a copy of "Other Days," embodying the chronicles and memories of the stage, as noted by that most delightful, as he is the most conscientious of all American dramatic critics, the venerable William Winter. It is a liberal education in itself to have read this intimate record of the shining stars of the stage with whom the poet, essayist and critic has come in personal contact in the forty-odd years he has been a staff member of the New York Tribune. Couched in the purest of English, having a fine appreciation of the towering talents as well as the human weaknesses of the geniuses who are described, the book is one that will appeal to all lovers of literature, whether or not they are interested in matters theatrical.

Lest one should marvel at the brief reference made to that most recently deceased actor-manager, the gifted Mansfield, this reviewer hastens to explain that Mr. Winter has reserved more ample consideration of that honored and lamented actor for his "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," upon which he has been at work for several years. It is interesting to know that Mr. Mansfield sanctioned and approved this work, which will be published soon as a companion volume to Mr. Winter's biographies of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson.

In the opening chapter "A Royal Line," the giants of the American stage from the beginning of the nineteenth century are passed in review, with a more extended consideration of the art of Edwin Forrest than is accorded to others of the blue-blooded fraternity, although Edwin Booth and Henry Irving are by no means neglected. Forrest's character had elements of greatness, and, but for his colossal egotism, he might have had a happy life and left a lovable memory. His career spanned the middle of the nineteenth century. His impersonation of King Lear was a profoundly affecting performance and as Spartacus, Jack Cade and Metamora, he excelled. But he was the chieftain of the robustious school of acting. Says Mr. Winter:

"He could at all times be seen, heard and understood. He struck with a sledge-hammer. Not even nerves of gutta-percha could remain unshaken by his blow. In the manifestation of terror he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver, and used the trick sword with the rattling hilt. In scenes of fury he panted, and snarled, like a wild beast. In death scenes his gasps and gurgles were protracted and painfully literal. The fellow that he emitted, when, as Richelieu, he threatened to launch the ecclesiastical curse, almost made the theater walls tremble."

His opposite was Edwin Booth, one of the greatest actors that ever lived, and as a man, exceptionally noble, gentle, affectionate and good. At first he travelled with his father, the erratic Junius, accompanying him to California in 1852—he was then 19—remaining here four years, where in theaters on the Pacific coast his most valuable early experiences were obtained. There are those living in Los Angeles who recall with a thrill of pleasure Edwin Booth's later engagement at the California theater in San Francisco in 1876, when Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough were associated with him in a Shakespearean revival which proved to be the most remunerative engagement to that date, ever played on the American stage.

To Joseph Jefferson Mr. Winter pays warm tribute. The two were close friends for nearly half a century. The magical charm of his acting was the deep human sympathy and the loveliness of individuality by which it was irradiated—an exquisite blending of humor, pathos, grace, and beauty. The reason of the "endurance" of "Rip Van Winkle," according to Mr. Winter, was that as interpreted by Jefferson, it had the irresistible charm of poetry. With this view the discriminating, who are

privileged to recall Jefferson's masterpiece, surely will not quarrel. He was truly "a poet among actors."

John Brougham's name is not so familiar to westerners as other of the men and women of the stage summoned to appear in this book of chronicles and memories and to many his work is all unknown. In temperament Brougham was kindred with the poet Oliver Goldsmith. He had the same benevolent simplicity and careless generosity—and he had the same bad luck. He wrote well, acted well, but in business matters invariably came to grief. He died in June, 1884, in destitute circumstances. Edwin Booth and Mr. Winter were among those who bore the pall to Greenwood cemetery.

There are plenty of theatergoers who will recall the work of Dion Boucicault as Con in "The Shaughraun," with its sparkling, snappy dialogue, illumined with gems of Hibernian humor. Mr. Winter is scrupulously fair in his estimate of Boucicault's art, but as a man he finds little to admire in the actor-playwright. He was vain, self-indulgent, shallow, fickle, and weak, and he lived in almost continual antagonisms toward either institutions or individuals. He was essentially little. In denying his marriage with Agnes Robertson, to whom the English court awarded a decree of divorce from him in 1888, he sought to cast a blight of disgrace upon his wife and children. His demeanor toward professional subordinates was seldom civil, often tyrannical and harsh; so that in the theater, as a rule, he was cordially disliked. The public he flattered—and despised. Altogether, it is anything but a pleasant memory that is evoked of this brilliant but unlovable character, who is thus tersely and subtly introduced: "He was named Dionysius, after the scientist, Dionysius Lardner, to whom, in maturity, he bore a striking personal resemblance." Ugh!

Rather lovingly the recaller of these memories refers to Charlotte Cushman, that great actress who dominated the American stage in the middle of the nineteenth century and whose Meg Merrilies was one of the most dramatic figures of that or any subsequent period. Her Lady Macbeth was another great personation, to this day unequalled. She read no subtle signification into Shakespeare's text. She perceived and imparted the obvious meaning, and her style was strong, definite, bold and free. But withal she was of a deeply sympathetic temperament and was particularly partial to Queen Katharine, the tender human feeling, the pathos and the woman-like loveliness of that character touching her heart, and arousing all the enthusiasm of her moral nature. She died in February, 1876.

Edward A. Sothern father of the actor so well and favorably known to the present generation, is accorded an illuminating chapter. He is remembered best as the creator of Lord Dundreary, that fabric of humorous eccentricity in the portrayal of which Mr. Sothern acquired fame and fortune. John McCullough, another great favorite with the preceding generation, is given vivid portraiture and to his noble character warm and deserved tribute is paid. He was a tragic actor of fine natural talents with a customary repertory which included thirty characters, and for twenty-seven years he shed luster on the American stage. His Virginian and Othello won him deserved favor and many friends. Here on the coast he is especially remembered for his management of the California theater, in San Francisco, in partnership for a time with Lawrence Barrett. McCullough died in a private asylum at Bloomingdale in 1885.

Lawrence Barrett is another tender memory. He rose from the humblest beginnings to envied eminence in the dramatic profession and the recounting of his struggles and triumphs forms a most fascinating chapter. As Cassius, in the San Francisco period of his histrionic career, he made the most conspicuous success of his life. Later, in partnership with Edwin Booth he shared in his labors and in his triumphs and died suddenly in New York, in 1891. That he had true genius is readily granted by this kindly biographer.

Mary Anderson's rather brief, but yet brilliant, stage life is happily considered and from her serene career one passes to the sorrowful destiny of the beauti-

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sibilities which the camera offers to the hunter, a sport which has the added advantage of requiring no useless slaughter. He affirms that to hunt with a camera requires infinitely more skill than shooting with a gun and the number of successful photographic shots must inevitably be much smaller. A keenness and alertness, undreamed of by those who shoot with a gun, is absolutely necessary, and even then only under the most favorable conditions can one hope to secure satisfactory results. Mr. Dugmore's fine photographs of flying ducks and geese will certainly win readers to his point of view. There is much of interest in this number for lovers of the garden, horses, and pets of various kinds. "Migratory Farming" by E. R. Powell gives a practical solution of the unproductive season problem, and shows how the northern farmer may make a profitable living in Florida from November to May. An interesting development of the use of the automobile is shown in pictures from the farming districts of the central west where one meets motor-carried loads of hay or milk cans, crates of chickens or a calf.

An interesting photograph is shown in the frontispiece of November World's Work. It depicts a night flight of the Wright aeroplane and was made at dusk after the moon had risen. It was a chance shot of one-hundredth of a second exposure and required three hours for developing the negative. The resulting photograph is most successful. The second installment of Rockefeller reminiscences deals with some old friends. "The Lions That Stopped a Railroad" is the thrilling narrative of Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Patterson, his experience on the Uganda railroad in East Africa, when nearly forty men were eaten by lions and the construction work halted for weeks. "What War Will Be With Flying Machines," by Frederick Todd, tells what practical military experts expect it to do in the way of revolutionizing fighting methods. Many other articles of timely interest are to be found in this number relating to varied subjects, forest fires and the incalculable losses, the contest for ocean supremacy, and the general march of events.

ful actress Adelaide Neilson, whose last inimitable portrayal of Juliet in this country it was the present reviewer's privilege to see, and it is a recollection never to be effaced. She died in Paris, under peculiarly afflicting and melancholy circumstances at the age of thirty-three, just as she had proved herself an auspicious power in the dramatic world, and with a considerable fortune gained as the fruits of her endeavors. In her performances of Juliet, Viola, Imogen, and Isabella, the irradiant imagination of her genius rendered her work unrivalled.

In the concluding chapter of these admirable chronicles Mr. Winter pays his respects to present stage conditions in America and here his fine scorn for the "Shadrachs" in control is not concealed. Much of his censure of modern stage management undoubtedly is deserved and coming from one who has seen the best acting and the best methods of producing plays, for half a century, his strictures are not to be disregarded, or sneered at as the vapors of one who has outlived his usefulness. It is because he knows so well how to discriminate between good and bad that his word is to be treasured. He is eminently right when he declares that what the American stage needs today is not so much actors, but stage managers. He says:

"Acting is an art, not a business. That is the crux of the present condition of the American theater. For the tradesmen who now practically control it (allowance being gratefully made for an occasional exception) success is determined and measured solely and exclusively by the standard of the box office; in a word, by money. Those persons do not and cannot understand that any human being, unless bereft of his senses, would even dream of sacrificing the possibility of financial profit for the sake of sustaining and promoting one of the fine arts. They do not even comprehend the fact that under judicious management financial profit sufficient to satisfy reasonable expectation and moderate desire is entirely compatible with an artistic administration of the theater such as would insure the one desirable result—good plays well acted."

With the quotation of this sane and sage observation one reluctantly withdraws from contemplation of a charming book of chronicle and reminiscence. The fact that the author is the father of one of the fairest and most highly respected young matrons of Los Angeles, and that his visits to this city have endeared him personally to many, combine to make "Other Days" still more attractive than if the talented poet-author were a total stranger to this community. The chronicles are dedicated to William Jefferson Winter, son of the author, in grateful appreciation of the fact that but for his earnest encouragement they would not have been written. Numerous illustrations and facsimile reproductions of famous letters embellish the book. ("Other Days." By William Winter. Moffatt, Yard & Co.) S. T. C.

Magazines of the Month

It is the honk! honk! of the wild geese which claims attention in the November number of Country Life in America. A. Radclyffe Dugmore gives a fine example of the real sporting pos-



By Blanche Rogers Lott

"Last season about nine hundred concerts were given in London, mostly at a loss," says London Truth, and we'll wager Americans gave many of the number. What for? To get press notices to use in their own country, which for an unexplainable reason, gives greater credence and weight to "imported" press notices than those of their own country. There is even now an American singer booking for recitals in the east who has the highest testimonials from a famous composer and most flattering press notices which are doubtless the envy of many, and yet if that young woman should sing in Los Angeles tonight, I doubt if a paper would give her a favorable notice, and I am sure a representative Los Angeles audience would not like her, for she is not a first-class or well-trained singer, notwithstanding she has had several years' study with foreign teachers. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler knew what she was talking about when she said in a recent interview for a Vienna paper that the United States was "a land friendly to music" and that the average American orchestra holds its own in comparison with the European orchestra, and she also brings out the point that as American audiences are used to the best, they are most critical, if without technical knowledge. Madam Zeisler also told her Vienna inquisitor that although Chicago was in ashes a generation ago, there are twenty-eight Philharmonic concerts given there each winter whereas Vienna has eight.

It is an amusing fact that the ambition of all foreign students is to come to America, and no American student is content until he crosses the water and lives for a time on foreign soil. As a general thing, the foreigner who comes to us becomes a citizen as soon as he can, and is a loyal son of his adopted land. Few Americans remain longer than a few years in Europe for study, and it is commendable if they wait until they are thoroughly grounded and go for advanced work. As Emil Sauer said recently, "Art is universal. Love for one's country may be shown in one's going into other lands and bringing back the good things they have to offer to one's own." Surely teachers owe it to their pupils and the public to keep themselves alive with new knowledge and new spirit, but the world has recorded many a musically-wrecked career through leaving home and local teachers years too soon. At present the American public demands and receives in consequence, artists with names to which are attached wonderful tales of successes in Europe, which look well in print to the uninitiated, whose name is legion, but were the truth known, circumstances leading to such appearances often are most commonplace. This is shown by a recent Associated Press cablegram to the local dailies telling of the great success of a well-known and competent American contralto before one of the royal princesses of Germany, the naked truth being that the aforesaid contralto had lent her voice to a worthy charity, whereas the princess had lent her name as a patroness. Artists are hardly to be censured when the public is brought to concerts by such pyrotechnical advertising.

Two chamber concerts are to be given next week; Monday evening is the second of the Nowland-Hunter series at Symphony hall. The program is: trio in F major, Schumann; sonata op. 8, Grieg; trio in C minor, op. 29, Foerster. This last trio is by an American who lives in Pittsburg and holds a prominent place among the composers of this country.

In any musical organization, the absence of strife and the presence of good feeling means that there exists true musical feeling. That there is an abundance of this latter desirable quality in the Woman's Lyric club is shown

in its rehearsals as well as public concerts. The whole atmosphere is that of serious study, and is surely refreshing to an onlooker. The club is rehearsing an excellent program for its first concert of the new season. There are great possibilities for a fine body of singers like this. Liszt has written a symphony to Dante's "Divine Comedy" for orchestra, women's chorus and organ.

First of the Lott-Krauss concerts occurs next Thursday evening at Simpson auditorium and the program consists of: string quartette, "Aus Meinem Leben," Smetana; songs, (a) "Song of Sorrow," Sinding, (b) "Boat Song," Sinding, (c) "The Tryst," Sibelius, Mr. Lott; quartette, andante, Tschalkowsky; piano quintette, Sinding. Students will find that tickets to both these concerts may be obtained for a nominal figure.

First Ellis club concert of the season will be given Tuesday evening at Simpson auditorium under J. B. Poulin's direction. The principal number will be the "Holy Grail" music from Parsifal. Others will be "The Sands of Dee," Robert Goldbeck; Bullard's "Winter Song"; Buck's clever "Vocal Combat," which is an arrangement of "Then You'll Remember Me" for the tenors and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" for the basses; "The Blue Danube Waltzes," with new poetic setting by Grafton-Chapman, and several smaller numbers. The soloists should add much to the program, for they are Miss Dorothy Clement Chevrier, contralto, and Mr. Frederick Guttersen, cellist. Miss O'Donoghue is the accompanist.

The present environment of Prof. Frederick Stevenson, as president of the University club, seems conducive to inspiration, for in addition to the beautiful anthem which we had occasion to mention a few weeks ago, he has finished a truly inspired sacred solo, "The Ninety and Nine." These words have been set to music before, but to my mind no one has so fittingly interpreted them. Especially appropriate and effective is a noble pastorate figure which is used throughout.

Oscar Seiling, violinist, goes north November 13, for concerts in Santa Cruz and San Jose, and has a private house engagement in San Francisco. He will return in time for the first symphony concert, November 20.

Theodore Thomas' orchestra has opened its eighteenth season, and now numbers eighty-seven players and is self-supporting, thus enabling its members to give their entire time to the preparation of its programs.

Two large and excellent choruses from England, the Yorkshire and Sheffield, visit Canada this month. The Sheffield singers number 200 and they are to give fifteen concerts in eleven days, one of which will be given in Buffalo.

Many Los Angeles pupils of Godowsky, among whom are Misses Bertha Wilbur, Fannie Dillon, Ina Goodwin and Harrison Williams, will be glad to learn that Godowsky is composing a sonata for piano.

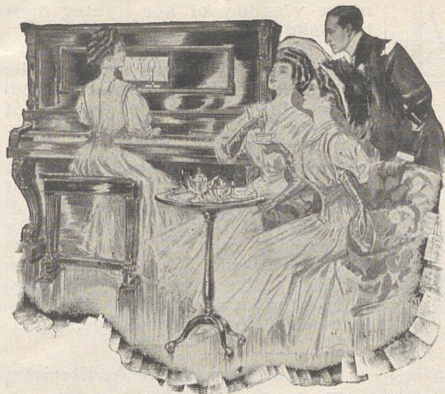
Dominant club members will be the guests of Miss Beresford Joy at tea this afternoon. A short program will be given by Miss Estelle Heartt, Mrs. Harry Eichelberger and Mrs. Maria Webb.

Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine of New York (formerly of San Francisco) will give song recitals in Riverside and San Diego the coming week, and may sing in Los Angeles before leaving for New York.

In looking through a bound volume of Thomas orchestra programs I find the names of several of our local musicians who have at various times appeared with the orchestra. They are Mme. Jenny Kempton, Mr. Wenzel Kopta, Franz Wilczek, Mrs. Genevra Johnston-Bishop and Henry Schoenfeld.

Assisting Signor Lucchesi at his concert to be given Thursday evening, December 3, at Gamut Club auditorium, will be Mrs. Russell-Duncan,

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By George A. Dobinson

Cleopatra, the queen of Egypt, was not a tall blonde, whose dazzling whiteness would make the sunbeams jealous, rather she was a dusky little woman who had no thought but for the passion of the hour, if we may believe the tales told of old historians. When, however, Florence Stone undertakes to represent this queen upon the stage she must needs be of her build and represent royalty as a northern queen transported to Alexandria. Sardou has already made of the story a spectacle, and the Burbank stage is not large enough to do the occasion justice, but still one finds there everything that is necessary to bring out the salient points and give the expected sharpness to the outline. The queen herself is regal in her manner and gives to the Frenchman's play a verisimilitude that is wonderfully compelling in its distinctness and passion. Mr. Desmond is an athletic and handsome Mark Anthony and Mr. Beasley a satisfying Kephron. The new ingenue is not good as Octavia, but will likely prove acceptable when she is cast in the line for which she was engaged. Mr. Burton tries to get a laugh by pronouncing Cleopatra's name Cleo-o-pay-tree-ah and otherwise converting a serious character into one of buffoonery.

Good Musical Comedy at the Mason

Scintillant with witty repartee and featuring a number of catchy songs and choruses, the presentation of "A Knight For a Day" at the Mason this week is one of the best musical comedies seen here in a long time. It is a laugh from start to finish and the inimitable work of the miniature Bobby Barry as Jonathan Joy and of Elsie Herbert as Tillie Day is worth the price of admission and then a dollar extra. The staging is artistic and the accessory of chorus girls is an attractive one. Barry, droll of manner and with a comedy face which is his fortune, carries off honors easily. Miss Herbert in a makeup, which beggars description, wins a goodly share of the laughter and applause. Others of the cast acceptably fill their respective roles. Of the songs it is enough to say that several of the refrains stick in one's memory, and in the general dispersal from the theater one hears a medley made up of snatches from "Life is a See-Saw," "My Little Girl in Blue" and "Whistle When You Walk Out."

Attractions at the Orpheum

Nothing startlingly out of the ordinary distinguishes the offerings at the Orpheum this week. The Cadets de Gascogne are well worth hearing. They sing selections from several operas and realize the apparently impossible by appealing to gallery and boxes alike—perhaps because they have chosen selections which possess a melody that appeals to the untrained ear. As a vaudeville artist Alfred Benzon is hardly a success. His tricks would be entertaining in a drawing room, but are not suited for the stage. Sheck and Aldro are skillful gymnasts and the Saytons fairly tie themselves into bow-knots in a wonderful exhibition of the suppleness of their bodies. Belle Hathaway offers a family of trained monkeys ranging from a tiny youngster who explores the audience for candy to a sullen-faced ape who makes grimaces at the gallery boys. These creatures are exceedingly well-trained and are grotesquely human in their actions.

"Old Heidelberg" at Belasco

There is a charm about "Old Heidelberg" which time cannot stale—the charm of youth and love, of clean-hearted boys eager for life, and beneath the surface of joyousness, an undertone of pathos that brings a lump into the throat of a hardened theatergoer. The Belasco company has strayed far afield of late, but in "Old Heidelberg" it returns to its own. We have several Kathies, but none more adorable than that of Dorothy Bernard, and surely none who lent to the part the irresistible girlishness and spontaneity with which she invests it. It

is a truly remarkable performance on the part of this eighteen-year-old girl. Her emotional scenes are handled with a delicacy of perception worthy an older actress, but it is in the simple, naive vivacity of her lighter moments that she is especially appealing. A. E. Van Buren plays Karl Heinrich with a winning boyishness and handles his love scenes with a sincerity that secures his place in the hearts of the matinee girl. Harry Glazier plays his old part of Herr Lutz with too pronounced a touch of burlesque, and Ben Graham does the best work of his local career in the role of Dr. Juettner. Hobart Bosworth is unexcelled as Kellerman, and Richard Vivian and Charles Ruggles both contribute capital bits. The singing of the Marquis Ellis student chorus is an attractive feature of the performance.

Farce Comedy at Auditorium

"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" may be a very appetizing bill of fare when it is served strictly according to the menu of its constructor, but when presented as at the Auditorium this week, its failings are innumerable. Mr. Stone and Miss Oakley are used to show how they will look under this change, and the audiences attracted by this upset of the program are so large that the management has decided to repeat the skit all next week.

Offerings Next Week

"In the Palace of the King" will give Florence Stone an opportunity to play Viola Allen's former success, a part which she has never essayed. William Desmond will be seen as the gallant Sir John and Byron Beasley will doubtless play the villainous king. Mildred Johnson, the new ingenue, will have her first real opportunity as Inez, the blind girl.

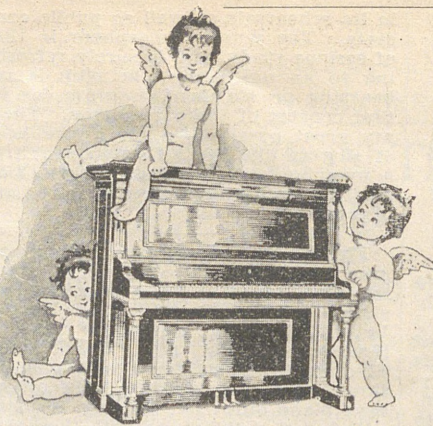
Finally, the Belasco company will succeed in producing the double bill of Belasco and Long's "Madame Butterfly," and Sheridan's "The Critic." The production of these plays has been announced time after time, only to be postponed through unfortunate occurrences. Dorothy Bernard will have further opportunity to prove her versatility in the part of the little Japanese butterfly, and A. H. Van Buren will appear as Pinkerton. As the stage director in "The Critic," Hobart Bosworth will be at his best. Miss Taylor also will shine in this bit of stage life.

Only two holdovers appear on the Orpheum bill for the week beginning Monday matinee, Nov. 9. These are the Cadets de Gascogne and Belle Hathaway's monkeys. The new list is headed by Gennaro and his Venetian Gondolier band. Gracie Emmet and company offer a farce, "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband," and Elise Schuyler, the former comedienne of the Gayety company, will appear in character songs and dances. The trained horses of Theresa Renz promise a novel act; the Jupiter Brothers present a mystery turn, and William Tomkins appears in a topical talk, "The Sense of Nonsense."

For the week beginning with Sunday matinee, Nov. 8, the Grand will be occupied by the fetching musical comedy, "The Isle of Spice." The show was seen in Los Angeles a year ago with the same cast, and the catchy songs which distinguished it then have been retained. Following this attraction, the Grand will present George Cohan's "The Honeymooners."

Mason will be dark next week, to reopen Monday, November 16, with the big New York success, "Paid in Full." For Thanksgiving week Louis James in "Peer Gynt" will be the attraction, that sterling actor having acquired from the Mansfield estate the entire original production. There is much curiosity evinced among local theatergoers to see how Mr. James will acquit himself in the Ibsen masterpiece.

In the November Biblot are given delightful selections from Austin Dobson's published poems, ranging from that tenderly-exquisite morceau "The Cradle" to his superb chant-royal "The Dance of Death." We could have wished the "Ballade of Double Refrain" had been included and "Babette," but perhaps that is ungrateful in the presence of so much else that is fascinatingly good.



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LUCILLE'S LETTER

My Dear Harriet: For the last few weeks I have been regarding men as mere political hot-air machines, but my faith in them as a whole was redeemed this morning.

I wandered up to that splendid toy department of the Boston Store, and there, gathered about the mechanical toys, were half a dozen men who had forgotten all about Taft and were shamefacedly exulting in the wonders displayed. And this toy department is a marvellous place, my dear. Just imagine a landscape dotted with churches and houses and stations and switches and signal towers, with miniature parks on whose benches repose little figures, and whose fountains plash merrily; imagine an auto boulevard winding high up a hillside, with a limousine car climbing up past a picturesque mill whose wheel splashes the water madly, through tunnels and over chasms; and imagine this landscape criss-crossed with railroad tracks over which three trains of cars are continually running. Is it any wonder the boyishness in the hearts of those men made them forget the election when they could witness such a sight? The Boston possesses a veritable wonderland in this department and a place that is well worth visiting.

At last, dear Harriet, you may cease puzzling your brain over the comforts with which you wish to improve your library. Blackstones are ready to supply your long felt want with their imported burlap jute novelties. You can get table scarfs, portieres, pillows, picture frames, bags and boxes in this material. They are embroidered with a highly-colored vegetable fibre known as Grayonia flax, in severely classical designs that harmonize beautifully with the craftsman furniture. The pillows are especially pretty, coming in square or rectangular shapes, and are laced across one side with a cord, making it easy to slip the pillow out and clean the cover. You can buy this burlap jute by the yard, or in the pieces stamped ready for working, and furthermore Blackstones provide a competent teacher who will instruct you free of charge every morning.

Now that the chilly days have come, the good Ville de Paris is solicitous for the comfort of the wee lads and lassies who can't look after themselves. The new knitted woolens which the Ville is displaying are beauteous things, soft and warm and so baby-like. Natty toques, fluffy sacques, leggings, booties, sweaters, mittens, shawls and Afghans are to be found here, in the pure white, or with touches of delicate pink or blue. Can't you just picture your own little youngster with his sturdy legs encased in the long white leggings, a saucy knitted toque on the back of his curly head, his bright face peeping over the high collar of his sweater, and his

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mittened hands holding tight to a Teddy bear? How any mother can resist this department at the Ville is more than I can understand.

Well, here's hoping that Taft will make a good Santa Claus. As ever South Figueroa street. **LUCILLE.**
October 29.



By René T. de Quelin

Last Monday an exhibition of paintings was opened in the Blanchard art galleries. Much had been said regarding this coming showing of work that was to be representative of artists of Southern California, but it turns out that only nine painters and one etcher of doubtful work is exhibiting. There must be a great lack of interest somewhere, or have artists divided into separate little cliques, and does this represent one? William Wendt shows five canvasses, "Givithian" being the smallest and best. This picture was shown at the Painters' club exhibit held two weeks ago at the same gallery. "The Green Hills," "Cloudland," "Golden Glow" and "Evening" are all well painted, good in color and values, and well understood.

Benjamin C. Brown exhibits seven canvasses that are all well handled and specially good in color and tonal qualities. He shows "Mission Shadows, Santa Barbara," a view taken from the garden, which composes well, and is an extremely fine record of this historical mission; it is beautifully painted, with a perfect understanding of the subject, and is happily rendered; "Sycamores" is another good canvas that is painted with knowledge of his subject; "Entrance to Santa Anita Canyon" is strong, good in color and tonal qualities; "Gateway to the Sierra" is attractive from all points of view and makes a most pleasing and striking picture; "Venice, Early Morning," is specially well painted; there are some beautiful tones in this picture that, together with its being a very desirable canvas. "Moonlight, Venetian Canal," is clever and pleasing, showing the artist to have a tender and poetic appreciation of Luna's wonderful mystic light. Another Venetian scene is shown that is delightfully sunny and well handled.

C. A. Fries, a painter of San Diego, shows five canvasses. It is the first time this artist has exhibited in Los Angeles. "Too Late" is the most pretentious, which depicts a pathetic scene in a cottage interior. As the title suggests, the doctor has arrived too late to be of any assistance as the child has just passed away; the grief-stricken mother is prostrated at the foot of the cot where the child is lying. It is beautifully drawn and well rendered. One can feel the deep regret of the village doctor, who has just entered, in finding he is just too late to save the little life which was so much to the grief-stricken mother. The pose and action of each figure is excellent, a fine piece of color, with splendid tones. "Afterglow," "Desconso," "Eucalyptus Grove" are all canvasses which prove that this artist is happier with figure work than with landscape, though his "Expectations," depicting a female figure standing outside and at a little distance from a cottage, is far below in excellence his "Too Late."

Hanson Putthuff shows four canvasses, that at this writing had not received any titles. The one depicting a grey, cloudy day was the most successful from the painter's point of view, as there were some good values; but the other three lacked in truth and that perfect understanding of atmospheric sunlight through the pictures, mainly through the skies being too dark and too cold in tone.

J. Bond Francisco, shows five paintings, the principal one of which is "After the Storm, Grand Canyon." A fine piece of gorgeous coloring and a very successful canvas of that extremely difficult subject; "Nightfall" is another canvas that is both pleasing and successful from the painter's point of view. "Griffith Park" is a sunny picture full of spontaneity, life and vigor, good in color. "Buena Vista" is in an entirely different vein, in a light key. This artist has travelled out of his usual path in this canvas, so much that we do not recognize the painter, but for all that it is an excellent piece of

work, with harmonious coloring and good tones; "Crescenta Hills" is another canvas with strong effects.

Ralph Mocine shows two especially good canvasses, strong and full of feeling. "Late Afternoon, San Pedro," is particularly good; a fine piece of color, well balanced and understood; tones and values excellent. It shows a square-rigged vessel alongside the wharf, with the declining sun shedding a beautiful warm light over all; the reflections in the water are especially well understood and rendered. "Moonrise" is a canvas full of excellent tones and values, a poetical bit of clear color in a subdued key, quiet, yet rich and restful.

I. W. Clawson, portrait painter, has stepped out of his special line and shows four small studies, viz., "House By the Sea," "Sunset," "Bridge, Venice," and a sea view with two war ships in the distance, which he calls "A Study."

Nanette Calder, wife of A. Sterling Calder, the sculptor, shows four small canvasses, viz., "Yellow and Grey," portraying a girl standing in profile; "A Little Head," portrait of a child, dashed in without any attempt at finish; "The Pink Mermaid," and a rough sketch of a nude female figure, entitled "Lethe," (the waters of oblivion). This concludes the exhibition in the large gallery.

Water colors have been assigned to the small room where the light is exceptionally bad and only two have exhibited in this medium. Norman St. Clair, showing ten pictures, executed in his well-known style, the titles of which are as follows: "Coming Rain," "Sunlit Sea," "Autumn Sea," "Coast of Montecito," "Beneath a Winter Moon," "Eternal Sea," "Afternoon, Arroyo Seco," "The Blazoned Cliff," "Advancing Morn," "Distant Catalina."

Marion M. Williams shows three water colors: A bowl of pink rosebuds, with a grey background; roses in a blue vase; and yellow chrysanthemums, all fairly well done, and an oil still life that is good.

Mrs. Nell Danely Brooker shows her color etchings, nine in number, that are interesting from the technician's point of view, but being subdued and toned by a tissue paper trick, betray great insincerity of purpose. If they had gained any point for the furtherance of an expression of art in any form it would be excusable, but they have gained nothing; an effect obtained by cheap and frail trickery is to be decried.

On the whole, the exhibition has not fulfilled its purpose, as only three painters have shown part of their best work, viz., Benjamin C. Brown, J. Bond Francisco and Ralph Mocine. Great credit is due Mr. Brown in sending what he did, from the fact that November 16 he held a one-man exhibit at the Steckel gallery.

Miss Regina O'Kane, painter, Cum-nock Hall studios, holds a reception this afternoon, from three to six, to introduce Mrs. John W. Chandler and Miss Helen Chandler.

Francis R. Hough, miniature painter, is contemplating an exhibit of his work as soon as he can make arrangements; he will probably show at the Steckel galleries which are unusually suitable for such purpose. His present studio is on Monte Vista Avenue.

Miss Leta Horlocker has been appointed principal of the art department in the Girls' Collegiate school, corner of Hoover and Adams streets. The art classes have been a new addition to the curriculum of this school, a large class room having been specially fitted with all necessary requirements for this branch, which will also embody the history of art, so essential to the student. This special study is embraced in the regular course.

Ralph Mocine intends making an exhibit of his work in San Diego soon, where he will possibly remain for a few weeks in order to obtain material for future work. Mr. Mocine having lived there formerly, has many friends who will be more than interested in his exhibit which is chiefly of European scenes, gained on his recent trip abroad.

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By Ruth Burke
EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

TUESDAY—Wedding, Miss Mary Hubbell and Mr. Will L. Graves, Jr., Immanuel Presbyterian church; evening. Dance, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Kramer's; evening.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. Robert W. Poindexter, 225 West Adams street, reception for daughter, Miss Poindexter; afternoon.

THURSDAY—Wedding, Miss Hazel Patterson and Mr. John Stuart, Immanuel Presbyterian church; evening. Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, 2307 South Figueroa street, dinner. Lott-Krause concert, Simpson auditorium; evening.

Four weddings in the week have kept not only Cupid busy, but his aides, the ministers, as well. Of course there were a number of other nuptials celebrated, but the attention of society was directed with particular interest to the quartet of ceremonies, wherein four of the most popular members of the younger set became brides. Even the little god of love seems to have appreciated that this season is to be replete with brilliant society events and with renewed zest in his pastime has brought to culmination the many affairs of hearts' interest which he has had under his direct supervision. As a result the winter season is to be marked by many notable weddings, so many that one almost wonders where the June brides are to come from, and appreciates more fully why the Bachelors keep their membership so intact.

Another wedding the same day was that of Miss Helen Safford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Safford of 1011 Park View avenue, and Mr. Albert McFarland Bonsall, which took place at St. John's Episcopal church Wednesday forenoon at 11 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Lewis G. Morris officiated at the ceremony which was witnessed by about one hundred relatives and friends. The church was decorated with potted plants and greenery, with a profusion of white chrysanthemums utilized in effecting an artistic arrangement. The altar was festooned with the white flowers and asparagus plumosus ferns intermingled with chrysanthemums formed an artistic decoration of the chancel rail. The pews also were prettily arranged with flowers and greenery. The bride was married in her traveling suit, a handsome blue broadcloth with a stylish hat to match. She carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Miss Safford was accompanied to the altar by her father and Mr. Bonsall's attendant was his brother, Mr. Samuel Bonsall. After a fortnight Mr. and Mrs. Bonsall will return to Los Angeles and will be at home later to their friends at 1783 West Twenty-fifth street.

Pre-eminent among the weddings of the week, and one of the most brilliant of the season, was that of Miss Lillian Moore and Mr. LeRoy Mallory Edwards, which was celebrated Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore, 800 South Alvarado street. Four or five hundred invitations for the event were issued and the assemblage represented Los Angeles society at its best. The handsome residence was elaborately decorated for the occasion, pink and green predominating in the color scheme. Bishop Johnson officiated and the ceremony was held in the reception room. Across one end was formed an altar, a background for which was effected with strings of asparagus plumosus ferns, massed solid. Miniature pink incandescent lights were intermingled in the greenery, casting a pretty glow over the bridal party. The staffs forming the altar were wound with pink satin ribbons and were connected with garlands of pink chrysanthemums. The mantel was banked with the same shade of chrysanthemums. In the library white flowers were used. The bride wore a handsome robe of Marquise lace. Her long tulle veil was

held by a wreath of orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mrs. C. L. Peck, her matron of honor, was attired in a pink directoire satin gown and carried a shower bouquet of Cecil Bruner roses. Miss Helen Macleish was maid of honor and her gown like that of Mrs. Peck was of pink directoire satin. The bridesmaids, Misses Dollie Macleish, Jessie Morgan, Grace Beckwith and Florence Pollard, all wore white directoire satin gowns and carried shower bouquets of Cecil Bruner roses. Mr. James Gibson was best man and the groom's other attendants were Messrs. Curtis Mansfield, Chester Moore, Willard Lyons, Walter Kelly and Reggie Peck. Following the ceremony a supper was served in the large tent erected in the grounds. It was artistically arranged with a profusion of pink blossoms and strings of ivy. Electric lights, pink shaded, were used in the illumination. The two large tables, one occupied by the bridal party and the other by the families, were canopied with net and festoons of pink chrysanthemums and ivy. After Dec. 1 Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will be at home to their friends at 800 South Alvarado street.

Thursday evening the marriage of Miss Mary Widney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Widney of 623 West Jefferson street, to Mr. Sidney Nairn Reeves took place, the ceremony being solemnized at Bethel chapel by the bride's uncle, Rev. J. P. Widney. The wedding appointments were especially attractive. Green and white predominated in the decoration of the chapel, chrysanthemums and asparagus ferns being principally used. The bride was attired in a white satin gown of empire style, handsomely trimmed with real lace. Her veil was held in place by a wreath of lilies of the valley and her bouquet was of the same blossoms. Her traveling suit was a brown tailor made. Mrs. Herbert Howard, her matron of honor and Miss Katherine Howard, the maid of honor, wore gowns of soft yellow silk. Sprays of yellow blossoms were worn in the hair and they carried arm bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums and asparagus ferns. Miss Hannah McDonald was bridesmaid and she also was dressed in a gown of pale yellow and carried chrysanthemums. Mr. Merick Reynolds, Jr., was best man and the ushers were Messrs. Aubrey Austin, Howard Bullen, Erwin Widney and Herbert Howard. Following the church ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents to about seventy-five friends and relatives. The house was attractively decorated in yellow and white blossoms and greenery. A buffet supper was served in the dining room, where Mrs. Boyle Workman, cousin of the bride, Mrs. R. M. Widney, her aunt, and Mrs. Paul Pauley, a sister, with Mrs. William Bullen, sister of the groom, assisted. Receiving with the bride and groom were their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Widney and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Reeve. In December Mr. and Mrs. Reeve will go to their pretty bungalow in the southwestern part of the city, where they will receive their friends.

Marked by its simplicity of appointments, but attractively artistic was the wedding of Miss Lucille Walton and Mr. Earl V. Lewis, which took place Friday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Walton, 755 West Adams street. The nuptials were of widespread interest owing to the prominence of the groom. The former is a sorority girl of the local high school and has been a favorite among the younger society folk since her debut. Mr. Lewis also is popular in society and is a successful young business man of the city. The marriage service was performed by Rev. Hugh K. Walker and was witnessed by a number of friends of the two families. Pink and green predominated in the house decorations. The bride's gown was of white satin, made directoire style and trimmed with pearls and lace. Her tulle veil was held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of the same fragrant flowers. Miss Claire Deuprey of San Francisco, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor. Her gown was of cream lace and she carried a shower bouquet of Cecil Bruner roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Josephine Lewis, sister of the groom, and Miss Ruth Sterry, were attired in gowns of

pink chiffon, made over silk, and carried Cecil Bruner roses. Mr. Norman Sterry was the best man. Following the ceremony a supper was served, the bridal party occupying a large table, with the guests seated at the surrounding smaller ones. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will enjoy a wedding trip of several weeks and will be at home to their friends after Jan. 1 in a pretty bungalow on West Jefferson street.

Within the week a trio of attractive young girls have made their formal bow to society and are entering with long-anticipated pleasure into the whirl of the season's social activities. Two other buds are to join the coterie of debutantes within a fortnight. They are Miss Sallie Utley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Utley of 963 Menlo avenue, and Miss Alice Elliott, daughter of Mr. J. M. Elliott of 914 West Twenty-eighth street. In honor of the former, Mrs. Utley has issued invitations for a brilliant tea to be given at her home Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 18. Between three and four hundred cards have been sent out for the event, which will be one of the most elaborate of the winter. Miss Elliott will make her formal appearance at a large dancing party at Kramer's Tuesday evening, Nov. 17, at which her sister, Miss Mary Belle Elliott, will be hostess. Many affairs are planned in honor of these fair debutantes, among the series being a luncheon which Mrs. Spencer H. Smith of 1109 West Adams street will give Friday afternoon, November 20, for Miss Elliott, invitations for which event already have been issued.

Society Tuesday afternoon welcomed into its midst Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of West Twenty-seventh street, whose debut was made at a large reception and musical given at the Woman's club house by her mother. The club rooms were decorated in pink and profusions of chrysanthemums, baskets filled with fragrant pink roses and other blossoms of the same color were utilized in the artistic arrangement. The musical program was rendered by the Nowland-Hunter trio and the numbers, well selected and artistically given, formed a delightful feature of the afternoon. Heber Coleman also contributed, giving a group of delightful songs. Mrs. Carpenter was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. George Wilshire, and her two older daughters, Misses Clara and Sue Carpenter. About fifty friends of the hostess aided in receiving, among the unbonneted women being Misses Willoughby Rodman, Margaret Hobbs, Shelley Tolhurst, Albert Crutchers, W. W. Lovett, T. E. Gibbon, Hamilton Rollins, Rufus H. Herron, C. C. Parker, E. F. C. Klokke, Wesley Clark, J. Ross Clark, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, W. A. Ramsay, H. T. Lee, S. S. Salisbury, C. D. Vele, Clarence Crawford, Cameron E. Thom, A. Wigmore, Frank Gillean, Waddilove, I. N. Van Nuys, Arthur Collins, Allan Balch, Misses Edith Herron, Sarah Boothe, Lou Winder, Jane Rollins, Ruth Jackson, Clara Vickers, Margaret Reynolds and Mary Burnham. Miss Carpenter is an attractive young girl of fair complexion and with a manner simple and unaffected, and no doubt will be among the most popular of the season's debutantes. She was graduated only in June from the Florence school at Washington, D. C., where she was in attendance for the last two years.

Popular tradition says that a woman cannot keep a secret, but an exception to the alleged general rule has been proved by Miss Marie Ellis, the attractive young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Ellis of 2128 Western avenue, whose engagement to Mr. Clyde Stanley McDowell, U. S. N., was announced last Saturday evening and is first given publicity in The Graphic today. The announcement which came as a surprise even to Miss Ellis' most intimate friends, was made at the Halloween dinner-dance given by herself and her sister, Miss Mercedes Ellis, in honor of Miss Lillian Moore and Mr. LeRoy Edwards. No date for the nuptials has been set as yet. Miss Ellis is a favorite among the members of the younger set and she and her sister have been co-hostesses in the last several weeks at a number of delightful entertainments given for brides of the season and never by the slightest word did she give hint of her own engagement and approaching marriage. Tall, slender and

of medium complexion, Miss Ellis is attractive not only in personal appearance, but is endowed with a keen intellect. She is a Marlborough girl and has a wide circle of friends. Mr. McDowell is at present attached to the U. S. S. Georgia now with the Atlantic fleet.

Miss Poindexter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Poindexter of 225 West Adams street, is another interesting young girl to make her debut this week. For Miss Poindexter her mother is giving two large receptions, the first having taken place Wednesday afternoon. White chrysanthemums were used in artistic profusion in the decoration of the home and the table was prettily arranged with Cecil Bruner roses. Receiving with Mrs. Poindexter were Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow and Mrs. Charles L. Poindexter. The second reception will be given next Wednesday afternoon, and on that occasion Mrs. Horace R. Boynton, Mrs. John D. Hooker and Mrs. Fowler Shankland will receive with the hostess. Assisting for the two afternoons are Mrs. Eugene Overton, Mrs. Gilbert T. Gay, Mrs. Fowler Shankland, Mrs. E. Pryce Mitchell, Miss Wade and Miss Boynton.

Miss Mary Hubbell, a bride of next week, in whose engagement and approaching marriage the younger set has been particularly interested, was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a delightfully-appointed luncheon given at the Hotel Van Nuys cafe by Miss Nina Jones. The cafe which has been recently reopened, is shaded in an attractive old red color and harmonized well with the magnificent large yellow chrysanthemums used in the table decoration. Besides Miss Hubbell, guests at the luncheon were Misses Kate Van Nuys, Helen Newlin, Katherine Bashford, Grace Rowley, Virginia Johnson, Edith Herron, Eva Keating, Irene Kelly, Gertrude Churchill, Margaretta Park of Santa Barbara, Katherine Clark and Misses Louis Ramsey and Milo M. Potter. Monday afternoon Miss Hubbell was the special guest at an equally attractive luncheon given for her by Miss Macneil of 2408 South Figueroa street. Miss Macneil, who only recently made her formal debut at a series of dinners given by her mother, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, is a charming young hostess and entertained with an ease and graciousness which might be envied by many of much greater experience. Guests included ten of Miss Hubbell's most intimate friends and the table decorations were of American Beauty roses. Monday evening, Miss Kate Van Nuys of 1445 West Sixth street was hostess at a supper-dance given for both Miss Hubbell and her betrothed, Mr. Will L. Graves, Jr. The affair was one of elaborate appointments and was enjoyed by about one hundred and fifty of the younger society folk. Miss Hubbell herself was hostess Friday evening, when she gave an informal dinner party at her home for her bridal party. The decorations were arranged under the direction of Miss Forman. Killarney roses and maiden hair ferns were used in the table decoration and potted plants were used throughout the house. The favors were heart-shaped bon-bon boxes, filled with silver horseshoes and tied with pink ribbons. The place cards were ornamented with figures of the bride and groom and their bridal party, a background being formed of a pink shield. Places at the table were set for Misses Kate Van Nuys, Lois Chamberlain, Katherine C. Clark, Helen Wells, Katherine Bashford, Edith Herron, Mary Hubbell, Messrs. George Keating, E. W. Currier, James Page, Benton Van Nuys, Maynard McFie and Cloyd Lott.

Another of the series of delightful affairs of which Miss Hubbell has been guest of honor is the theater party and tea which Miss Eva Elizabeth Keating is giving this afternoon. Guests at the theater include Miss Hubbell's bridal party and a few of her other intimate friends. Following the performance a tea is to be given at the California club and a number of young men have been invited to the latter entertainment.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy entertained Tuesday afternoon with a luncheon at her Redondo home in honor of Miss Helen Chaffee. The affair was an informal one, guests including fourteen or fifteen friends of Miss Chaffee. After the collation the party came to Los Angeles in the private car of Mr. C. H. Burnett, manager of the Redondo

railway, and attended the musical given by Mrs. C. C. Carpenter at the Woman's club house. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy are to leave this evening for a six weeks' visit in the east.

Another Bachelor, one of the most popular members of that exclusive order of celibates, has invited the caustic disapproval of his comrades and will soon desert their lessening ranks to enlist with the army of happy Benedicts. At the same time, while the Bachelors are bemoaning the loss of an associate, Mr. Earl Cowan will wed Miss Adele Brodtbeck, one of the well known and popular society girls of the city. Announcement of their engagement was made Tuesday afternoon at a bridge luncheon given by Miss Bertha Pollard of 512 Carondelet street to about twenty of her young women friends. No date for the wedding has been set. Miss Brodtbeck is the daughter of Mrs. E. Brodtbeck of 3713 Wilshire boulevard. She is an unusually attractive girl, widely read and interesting, having traveled much abroad, following her graduation from the local schools. Mr. Cowan, who is one of the Bachelors, is also a member of the California and the Jonathan clubs and of the Los Angeles Country club. He is extremely popular, not only in business and club circles, but in society as well.

Among the notable society functions of the week was the handsomely appointed tea given Wednesday by Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant at her home, 940 West Twenty-eighth street. American Beauty roses were used in effecting a noticeably pretty decoration of the rooms. Several hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon and Mrs. Bryant was assisted in receiving and entertaining by about thirty of her friends and a dozen young girls.

Announcement is made by Mrs. Martin Joseph Golden of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Jane Josephine Golden, to Mr. Kimball Carter Mooers of Richmond, Va. The wedding will take place next month and will be a simply-appointed event, owing to the recent death of the bride-elect's father.

Mrs. Walter Newhall's dancing party at the Los Angeles Country club Thursday evening was accounted one of the most charming functions of the season. The affair was given for Miss Macneil and Miss Utley, two of the most attractive of the dozen or more debutantes. The decorations were extremely simple, but well chosen, to harmonize with the natural artistry of the club rooms. Several hundred guests participated in the evening's entertainment, which was a delightfully informal one.

As a surprise to a wide circle of friends will be news of the marriage of Mrs. Stella Westfeldt of this city to Mr. Charles Ralph Vient, formerly of Chicago, but for the last year connected with the Broadway Department store, where he holds a responsible position. Mrs. Vient is the daughter of Mrs. A. H. Ten Broek and a niece of Mrs. J. W. Truworthy of 676 Berendo street. She was formerly Miss Stella Sanford and since her girlhood days has been a favorite in local society circles. Few friends were taken into the secret of the planned wedding and the ceremony uniting Mrs. Westfeldt and Mr. Vient was celebrated last Saturday at the parsonage of the First Methodist church of Riverside, Rev. R. S. Fisher officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Vient will make their home at the Adams apartment house for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. David McCartney who, since their return from their wedding trip abroad, have been the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street, are now house guests of Mr. McCartney's mother, Mrs. Nora McCartney, Eighth and Beacon streets.

Members of the Los Angeles High school football team will entertain this evening with their annual dance at Kramer's. Patronesses are to be Mmes. Nathan Cole, jr., A. Day, W. A. Spaulding and Frank Kelsey.

One of the most interesting engagement announcements of the week is that of Miss Charlotte Bailey, daughter of Mrs. N. P. Bailey of Melrose avenue, to Lieut. Mathew Addison Palen, U. S. A. The exact date for their wedding has not been set, but the ceremony will be performed within a few weeks, after

which Lieut. Palen and his bride will go to the Philippines for a year. Miss Bailey is an attractive young woman and is popular with a host of friends.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Laura Preston to Mr. Ralph A. Chase, a young attorney of this city. The bride-elect is a beautiful Washington girl and is known here, where she formerly attended the Westlake School for Girls. Mr. Chase is a graduate of the University of Southern California. He is a prominent Mason and is a member of the national legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi. Their wedding will take place in December soon after the completion of the pretty new bungalow which Mr. Chase is building for his bride on Harvard boulevard.

Mrs. Walter Barnwell of Rampart street left last week for a three or four weeks' visit to relatives in St. Joseph, Mo.

Members of the South Coast Yacht club will entertain at a dinner Friday evening, Nov. 13, at the Hollenbeck hotel. The affair will be an informal one and will mark the closing of the season. About seventy-five are expected to be present and a feature of the banquet will be the awarding of the cups won in the year.

Interesting news is the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. William A. Ramsey of 1802 West Adams street of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Winifred Ramsay to Mr. L. R. Boyle of Cincinnati, Ohio. The wedding will take place in the near future.

One of the delightful affairs of the week was the informal chafing dish supper given Sunday evening by Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Sprague at their home on Fourth avenue, West Adams Heights. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Catesby Thom, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ona Morton, Miss Clara Park and the Misses Smith of Pasadena.

Mrs. Lou V. Chapin and her daughter, Miss Bessie Chapin, returned recently from Miramonte ranch in Fresno county, where they passed the summer and this week Miss Chapin left for an extended European trip. Enroute to New York she will visit in a number of the larger cities of the east and in the Atlantic metropolis will join her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Machotka, and accompany them to the continent. Miss Chapin will remain abroad three years and plans to devote her time to violin study. She will pass her first year in Vienna.

Mrs. Willoughby Rodman of Orchard avenue is planning to entertain informally with a series of musical evenings in the near future that her friends may enjoy the artistic work of her protegee, Miss Theodosia Harris, a talented pianist.

Mrs. William Wheeler of Montecito, who has been the house guest of Mrs. William J. Variel, has returned to her home in the north and was accompanied by Mrs. Variel. The latter will remain there for a week or two.

In honor of their tenth wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Faroot of 1744 Harvard boulevard entertained Saturday night with a handsomely-appointed dinner party.

Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli, who has been touring the east arrived in Los Angeles Monday and has been a house guest for the week of Mrs. Henry Crane of Seventh and Coronado street.

Mrs. Lee C. Gates and her daughter, Miss June Gates, have returned from a three months' trip to New York.

Mrs. Judson Rush, who has been abroad studying music, sailed from Havre to New York Oct. 22 and is expected to arrive home here in the near future.

Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart, well known as a club and society woman of this city, has returned after an absence of two years in Europe.

Mrs. Frank W. Burnett of Eighth and Beacon streets was hostess recently at a supper given for Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, jr., and also in honor of her husband whose birthday anniversary the occasion marked. Appropriate to the season the decorations were Halloween novelties. Guests present included Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, jr., Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mr. and

Mrs. Henry C. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Judge and Mrs. J. W. McKinley, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst and Mr. George Harrison Ennis.

Mrs. Frank W. King of Westlake avenue, who has been visiting in San Francisco for several weeks, has returned to her home in this city. Her daughter, Miss Gertrude King, who accompanied her on her trip will remain in the northern metropolis a month longer.

Mrs. Frederick H. Seymour and Miss Eleanor Peralta, who returned last week from the City of Mexico, have been guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. G. Martyn, 38 St. James Park. Wednesday they left for Sonora, Mexico, where they will be joined by Miss Merita Seymour, who, in her mother's absence from Mexico City, was entertained by President Diaz and members of his official staff.

For November the Friday Morning club's program will include the following features: Friday, Nov. 6, "San Pedro Harbor," Capt. Amos Fries, corps engineers, U. S. A.; Nov. 13, book committee, discussion circles, general topic, "The American—His Character, Aims and Ideas as We and Others See Him," Nov. 20, dramatic committee, "The Irish Theater," Clare Valleley; Nov. 24, crafts exhibit, and Nov. 27, "Something About Newspapering," Otheman Stevens.

Mrs. Leoric Charles Cobbe of 806 South Burlington avenue is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Henry Maxwell, who recently was married in Donabate, Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Morris of 1700 Hobart boulevard entertained informally last Saturday evening with a Halloween party in compliment to their niece, Miss Grace Dougan of Urbana, Ill.

Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, who has been staying for two months on her ranch at San Jacinto has been a guest for several days at the Beveridge home in Hollywood. Miss Blanche Woodhead after visiting here with relatives for a month has returned to her country home at San Jacinto.

News to friends in this city was that of the marriage at Santa Rosa Oct. 27 of Mr. Erle LeRoy Venre of this city and Miss Anna Mary Heim of Santa Rosa. The bride is well known in society circles of the northern city and is related to many persons of prominence in the east. Mr. Venre is a graduate of Stanford university, is a member of the Jonathan club and holds a responsible position in the engineering department of the Huntington lines. After Nov. 15 Mr. and Mrs. Venre will be at home to their friends in this city at 649 Chicago street.

General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski of 3348 Normandie left Tuesday for Paris in response to a cablegram announcing the illness there of Mrs. Wankowski's mother, Mrs. J. M. Davies, who has been abroad for a number of months.

For the benefit of the Fruit and Flower mission to be given Dec. 10 at the Ebell club house the following excellent program has been arranged: Prologue, Miss Alda Danziger; strolling players, Miss Rosalie Seligman, violin; Miss Myrtle Ouellet, harp and Mr. Alfred Goldsmith, voice; "The Gibson Girl," from "Belle of May Fair," Miss Hazel Mayer, Misses Florence Provard, Sheda Lowman, Vivian Amcher and Rosetta Polaski; The "Yama, Yama Man" from "The Three Twins," presented by Misses Mildred Baer, Irma Polaski, Rhea Cushman, Lena Marks, Cecilia Hardman and Florence Norton; sextette "Six Little Wives" from "San Toy," Mr. Joshua Marks, Misses Frances Newmark, Florine Hellman, Rose Hoffman, Mrs. Leon Kaufman and Mrs. Pauline Kingsbaker. Messrs. Isaac Levy and Louis Polaski will appear in a Kolb and Dill travesty and another feature will be the presentation of "I Can't Do the Sum," from "Babes in Toyland." Those taking part will be Mr. and Mrs. Bob Levy, Miss Carita Metzler, Miss Rose Germain, Mrs. Leon Kaufman and Messrs. Richard Conheim, Arthur Feintueh and Melville Jacoby. The various committees in charge of the entertainment are as follows: Program, Miss Amy Hellman,

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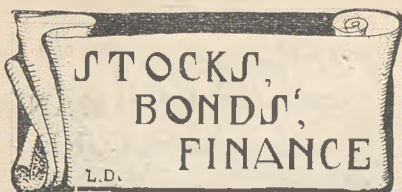
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Miss Florence Marks and Mrs. Marco Hellman; punch, Mrs. Lottie Harris, Mrs. Elma Levy, Miss Frankie Germain, Miss Bertha Hall, Miss Laura Harris and Miss Florence Sunderland; flowers, Miss Adele Louis and Miss Lelia Jacoby. The program advertising is in the hands of Mrs. John Kahn and the stage production of the entertainment is under the direction of Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith.

Among the delightful Halloween parties was that given last Saturday afternoon by the Phi Delta Chi girls of Marlborough school, at the home of Miss Katherine Stearns, 27 St. James Park. The guests included all the students of Marlborough school and the decorations were in the sorority colors, green and white.

One of the enjoyable affairs of the week is the luncheon and theater party being given this afternoon by Mrs. Carl Leonardt of 2 Chester place. The collation is to be at Hotel Alexandria and the twenty-five guests afterward will occupy boxes at the Auditorium.



Election results began to show a reflex in local investment conditions the day following the ballot battle, and ever since, there has been decided improvement. Those who purchased in anticipation of what ensued are fairly certain to reap substantial reward between this and the new year. It was the business man here as well as in the country over, who decided what happened last Tuesday.

Look out for the most spectacular speculative winter Southern California has had in many a year, is the general feeling here.

Bank stocks now are certain to secure their share of investment attention, having been neglected since the beginning of last year's depression, and as the proposed bank guarantee plank is dead beyond hope of resurrection, for an indefinite time, shares must advance soon to something like their former value.

But for the litigation now under way the funds voted for road bond purposes, nearly four months ago, would by this time be actively employed in Los Angeles county, to the extent of about \$100,000 a week. As it is, there really is no telling just when this cash will be in circulation.

Now that easier money for investment is in prospect, the best of the local industrial and other stocks should prove an attractive purchase. Prior to the recent election, the good bonds had the first call.

Copper, the metal, is on the upgrade, a most reliable barometer always of underlying conditions throughout the United States. Reliable mining shares and the best of the established oils continue to advance.

Barring agitation incidental to the proposed changes in Washington in the matter of tariff schedules, there is not a rift in the sky, insofar as business and financial conditions are concerned, in Los Angeles and throughout Southern California. By Jan. 1, ordinary bank credit again should be normal, with money at 6 per cent or less, instead of the higher rates that have been ruling for nearly sixteen months.

Banks and Banking

Bank clearings for October show a noticeable gain over the reports of the two preceding months and nearly approach the best record of the year, that of March. The total payments through the local banks were \$42,992,572 an increase of \$3,717,639 over September. As compared with the corresponding month of last year, October clearings show a loss of \$7,173,371. The total for the first ten months of the current year is \$407,766,530 as against \$514,824,887 for the corresponding period of 1907, a decrease of \$107,058,357.

Improvement is to be made in the First National Bank building at Escondido. An addition will be made, extending the business block occupied by the bank, south on Lime street to the alley.

Bank Nacional de Mexico is to open a branch in Nogales, Sonora, within a few days.

Depositors of the defunct Citizens' Saving bank of Long Beach are to receive a ten per cent dividend, Receiver Frank M. Kelsey having been granted permission to make a distribution of the \$48,000.

By the creation of an additional office, that of vice-president, the directors of the First National bank of Pasadena have added to their list of officials the name of William H. Vedder. Mr. Vedder, who is a former mayor of Pasadena, for four years has been a director in the bank and has occupied the office of treasurer of the Pasadena Savings and Trust company, which is closely affiliated with the First National bank. His appointment to the

office of vice-president of Pasadena's largest financial institution is popularly approved as Mr. Vedder's active interest in civic affairs has proved him a man of remarkable ability as well as integrity.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Just how vitally important to the financial interests of the country is the national election and the choice of the chief executive is shown in the innovation of the stock exchanges, which in 1896 began the custom of keeping open all night following election day. This year more than fifty exchanges kept open house. In Los Angeles both J. C. Wilson and E. F. Hutton kept open until midnight. Upon the result of the election depends the trend of the markets. Had Bryan been made President a general prophesy of a slump was current. With Taft's election a buoyancy of stocks and securities is predicted. There is one important market for American railway shares, which opens at 6 a. m., American time; it is the London stock exchange. Even before the London exchange begins to trade the curb in Shorter's court and Throgmorton street begins activities. As a consequence it is possible for a New York house, cabling an order to its London house near midnight Tuesday to have it executed many hours before business begins on Wall street. In 1896 the election result caused a 2 to 3 point rise on the New York exchange on its opening Wednesday after the election. A halt came and then a break on heavy realizing sales. In 1900 an initial 3 to 11 point rise brought prices so far above even the higher London level that foreign houses sold in quantity, checking the advance. This year's election and Taft's victory is marked by a significant confidence among financiers. In New York, the pulse of the financial world, an immense bulge in prices, helped by manipulative tactics on the part of powerful backers was scheduled. Selling, though, was so heavy that instead of advancing after an opening the market gave way slowly on a volume of sales which has not been seen before this year. Buying was just as persistent and there was much profit-taking among the largest buyers on the resumption of the advance. The outburst of speculation proved a surprise even to the most careful observers, but the tone of the market for the week has been animated and buoyant.

Election will be held Nov. 14 in the Little Lake school district when the question of a \$4,800 bond issue will be voted upon. Said bonds will be twelve in number and of \$400 each.

For the purpose of purchasing school lots and building and equipping a school, an election will be held at El Monte Nov. 21 for the voting of bonds in the amount of \$2,000. Said bonds are to be in the sum of \$500 each.

Voters of Bisbee, Arizona, have authorized an issue of \$125,000 bonds for the extension of the city water system.

Alfred T. Brock was the successful bidder for the El Centro school bonds, receiving them for \$25,201. The county seat also plans the issue of sewer bonds to the amount of \$40,000.

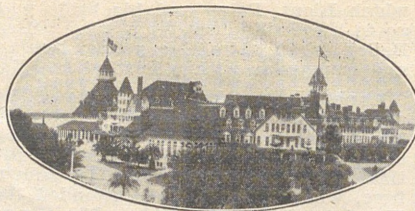
Money for the sale of the Duarte school bonds has been received and work on the school building has been begun by the Davisson Contracting Co., to which the contract was awarded.

Citizens of Long Beach are considering the question of municipal ownership of water and will decide the issue at the polls Dec. 15.

Watts, even Watts, is in line with the general ambition of the times and is planning extensive municipal improvements, to which end a bond election of \$50,000 is soon to be called.



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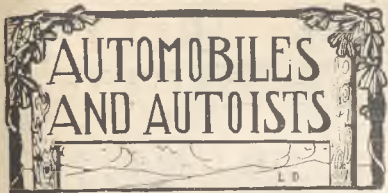
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With a record of 916 miles in the twenty-four hours, J. Murray Page of San Francisco won the big racing event at Ascot park last Saturday and Sunday with his forty-horse power Locomobile roadster. Ralph Hamblin's six cylinder Franklin car came in second with 835 miles to its credit and a tie for third place was made by the Studebaker and Sunset cars. The event was the first twenty-four hour automobile race ever held in the state of California and attracted general attention throughout the west. Fortunately, there were no serious accidents to mar the success of the meet and no one was injured. The Sunset machine was ill-fated in breaking a steering knuckle twice and in the second accident was sent crashing through the fence, almost in front of the bandstand. Free, who was driving at the time, was accompanied by Sidney Kendall and as the car swerved into the fence and landed in the ditch, they kept their places and by their presence of mind held the machine upright. Owing to engine troubles the Blue Bird was taken from the track about 4:30 Sunday morning. The Chalmers-Detroit also was removed from the race in the latter part of the first period. Leon T. Shettler's little Reo Kiddo made a remarkable record toward the latter part of the race, covering more miles in the last three hours than any other of the cars. Because of the rutting of the track the speed at the closing of the race was greatly reduced, the risk being too great to men and machines.

Beginning Nov. 1, the second annual \$2,500 upkeep contest for Winton Six chauffeurs opened, to continue to June 30, 1909. Contestants must be employed drivers of Winton Sixes, any model, and will be required to file monthly reports of mileage and expenses. At the end of the contest these reports will be passed upon by a committee of disinterested judges, who will award the cash prizes. The chauffeur making the best service record will receive \$1,000. Second prize is \$500, third \$200, fourth \$150, fifth to tenth \$100 each. No entrance or other fee is charged. It will be recalled that the ten winners in the first annual contest drove their cars 65,687.4 miles on an upkeep expense of \$15.12, an average of \$1 for each 4,343 miles, or less than 25 cents for each 1,000 miles—unquestionably a world's record. Other Winton Six cars, now entered in the contest made records of the same extraordinary character. For instance, John B. Fallon, jr., of Charlestown, Mass., drove his Winton Six 9,981 miles at a total upkeep expense of \$3.30, the price of one grease cup lost on the road.

Following the marked success of the new anti-skidding tire—the Diamond Grip—in the Vanderbilt race, prominent officials of the Diamond Rubber company are understood to have outlined a racing campaign on a much larger scale than ever before undertaken in America. The plan will include the services of one of the best known eastern racing drivers as the man in charge of a perfectly organized racing department. It was not generally known, but down in the dirt and the grime of the supply pits, along with the regular mechanics at the Vanderbilt race, two expert engineers from the Diamond factories at Akron watched the new Diamond Grip tire prove itself out to their great satisfaction.

Recently, a Stearns touring car owned by M. G. Heim of Kansas City, Mo., and containing Mr. and Mrs. Heim, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Solomon, J. J. Norton, and a driver, made the run from Kansas City to Denver, a distance of 680 miles, in 29 hours and 30 minutes, reducing the record made by J. P. Cudahy two and a half hours. An 18-mile brush between the car and a Union Pacific train, in which the ob-

struction of the way by a heavy farm wagon gave the locomotive the lead, was one of the features of the trip.

White steamers monopolized the honors at the race meet held on the Elm Ridge track at Kansas City. The big event of the day, the ten-mile stock car race for the board of trade cup, was won by Gus Seyfried in a thirty-horse power White. A twenty-horse power White driven by R. L. Baker won the five mile free for all. In the latter event the local track records were broken, as the White travelled the five miles in 4 minutes and 25 seconds, the fastest mile being made in 56 2-5 seconds.

Two new records for the Kansas City mile track were established by Robert Burman, driving the 40 Buick. These were 57 seconds for the mile and 59 minutes and 50 seconds for fifty miles. The same day E. S. Hessels, driving a Model 10 Buick, a duplicate of the Nassau sweepstakes winner, won the race for cars costing \$1,000 or under at the Westchester County fair, in New York state.

In America, and I refer particularly to Los Angeles, the first thing a prospective purchaser does is to ask the agent, whether his car will climb a certain hill on the "high." Why is this, I wonder? What is the object of such a feat? Surely, the man will not admit that he is too lazy to shift his gears? If so he should not be allowed to run a car for he will probably be too lazy to put on the emergency brake in case of need. Does it never occur to the possible buyer that the maker placed those three or four speeds there for a purpose? To what better purpose can they be put, than that of climbing hills? There is no merit in a car that will climb the side of a mountain on the high, rather does it show that the manufacturer has toadied to the class that clamors for this kind of a gear ratio. Does it never occur to one that it is merely a matter of gear ratio, as to whether his car climbs this or that hill on the high? And does it never occur to him that if his car will climb a one in eight hill on the high that he is not getting all the speed on the level he might if he were forced to go back to the third or even the second on that hill. Then, again, if one's car is geared so low that it will perform all these hill-climbing stunts, then one's engine will be turning over an unnecessarily large number of times on the level, and will, of course, wear out all the sooner. No—no, all this talk of climbing hills on the high is nonsense and only shows ignorance; and the sooner one gets it out of his head the better.

Various aspects of Paris are described by Marie Van Vorst in the November Harper's. Robert Kennedy Duncan, professor of industrial chemistry at the University of Kansas, discusses the "Trend of Chemical Invention." Charles Henry White has something to say about Pittsburg and its inhabitants. A Pittsburger, he tells, is a reservoir of decimals and statistics. If provoked and inclined to extend himself, in a five-minute talk he can fill you so full of miscellaneous industries—natural gas, steel rails, tin plate, petroleum, steel pipes and sheet-metal, fire bricks, tumblers, tableware, coke, pickles and all that sort of thing—that you will begin to feel like a combination delicatessen and hardware store. Fiction in this number is by Jennette Lee, Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, James Branch Cabell, Muriel Campbell Dyer, Emery Pottle and others.

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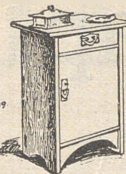
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior, U. S.
Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 14, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Jacob Frey, of Topanga, Cal., who, on May 11, 1904, made homestead entry (01869) No. 10552 for S. 1-2 S.E. 1-4, N.W. 1-4 S.E. 1-4, N.E. 1-4 S.W. 1-4, section 36, township 1 N., range 17 W. S., B. M. has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 8th day of December, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Philip LeSueur of Calabasas, Cal., Charles Greenleaf, Anton Lenthner, both of Topanga, Cal., A. M. Bernhardt of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Nov. 7-5t. first publication Nov. 7-08.

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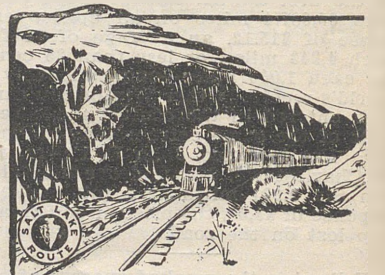
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